

# BAREFOOT GEN

## MERCHANTS OF DEATH

VOLUME EIGHT

Keiji  
Nakazawa





Cartoonist Keiji Nakazawa was seven years old and living in Hiroshima in the early days of August 1945 when the city was destroyed by an atomic bomb dropped by the United States. Starting a few months before that event, his ten-volume saga *Barefoot Gen* shows life in Japan after years of war and privations, as seen through the eyes of seven-year-old Gen Nakaoka.

Volume Eight opens in 1950. Gen is now in middle school, where he meets both a progressive-minded schoolteacher at odds with his conservative superiors, and a brilliant but cynical classmate who challenges the teacher's — and Gen's — values at every turn. Gen also finds himself confronting the corrosive effects of drugs and the arms industry on postwar Hiroshima society. With the Korean War offering new business opportunities, a new generation of death merchants holds sway in Japan. Gen, his mentor, and peace-minded citizens are forced to struggle against red-baiting school officials, violent nationalists, and government censorship.

"...some of the best comics ever done. Nakazawa, I'm sure, will be considered one of the great comic artists of this century, because he tells the truth in a plain, straightforward way, filled with real human feelings."

-R. Crumb, cartoonist

"Gen effectively bears witness to one of the central horrors of our time. This vivid and harrowing story will burn a radioactive crater in your memory that will never let you forget it. Gen is one of those very few comix that actually pulls off the essential magic trick... those little marks on paper come to fully realized life."

-Art Spiegelman, cartoonist,  
Winner of the Pulitzer Prize for *Maus*

"Nakazawa's graphic presentation of what it was like to survive the atomic bombing of Hiroshima should be required reading for all citizens, beginning with the President. Perhaps then we might gain the maturity to stop such madness."

-Hunter & Amory Lovins  
Friends of the Earth

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\*Part 8 of a  
ten-part series

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Nakazawa

LAST GASP

# BAREFOOT GEN

## MERCHANTS OF DEATH

VOLUME EIGHT



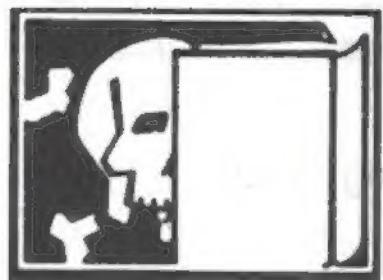
Keiji  
Nakazawa

# **BAREFOOT GEN**

**VOLUME EIGHT:  
MERCHANTS OF DEATH**

**KEIJI NAKAZAWA**

**Translated by Project Gen**



**LAST GASP OF SAN FRANCISCO**

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[www.lastgasp.com](http://www.lastgasp.com)

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Edited by Alan Gleason and Colin Turner

Printed in China by Prolong Press

## Dear Gen

Nina Mikhailovna Vasilenko  
Kiev, Ukraine

I love these books, and I love their author, who tells his story so plainly and draws it with such artistry. The story unfolds like a movie as it portrays the childhood of young Gen, striding on his little feet through the chaos of wartime, the atomic hell of Hiroshima, and the hardships that followed. My heart ached for him, yet I could not stop reading his story, one volume after another.

Dear Gen, dear little boy, my little Gen. What fear you felt, what horrors you saw, what unspeakable cruelties! There is no war more terrible than nuclear war. May you live forever, and may the earth enjoy peace forever! Dear Gen! Young warrior of peace! May you walk across many nations and continents, and may your journey be safe! Dear Gen, the Ukraine welcomes you!

(Nina is a poet and retired schoolteacher from a village in the Ukraine not far from Chernobyl. She lost her husband to radiation-related cancer after the nuclear disaster there. Through an exchange of letters between Japanese and Ukrainian citizens Nina became acquainted with Project Gen. She visited Hiroshima and later translated *Barefoot Gen* into Ukrainian. Her poem about Hiroshima appears in Volume 7 of *Barefoot Gen*.)

## Barefoot Gen

Nina Mikhailovna Vasilenko

Barefoot Gen travels the world  
From country to country, from house to house  
Where cranes fly to their nests in the valley  
Where the sun shines in a blue sky

A happy-go-lucky little fellow  
Who survived the hell of Hiroshima  
He would never forget all he saw  
Through a child's eyes

The pain and injury, the violent death of those dearest to him  
Pierced this little boy's heart  
Gasping for breath, he ran through the flames and ashes  
Barefoot

Voices of opera and frames of film  
Tell Nakazawa-san's story  
Barefoot Gen travels the world  
Like seeds of grain  
He sows seeds of peace

Growing tall like a sturdy stalk of wheat  
Laden with ears of fruit  
A guardian of peace  
Barefoot Gen travels the world  
And we walk with him

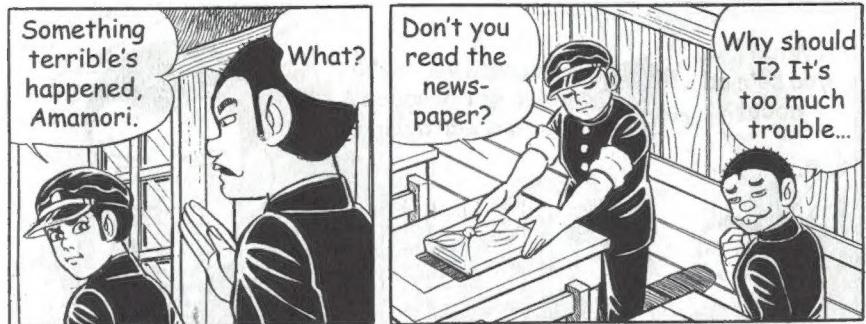
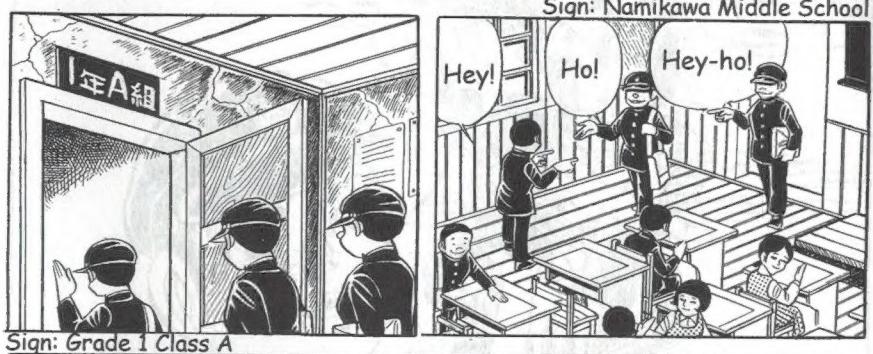
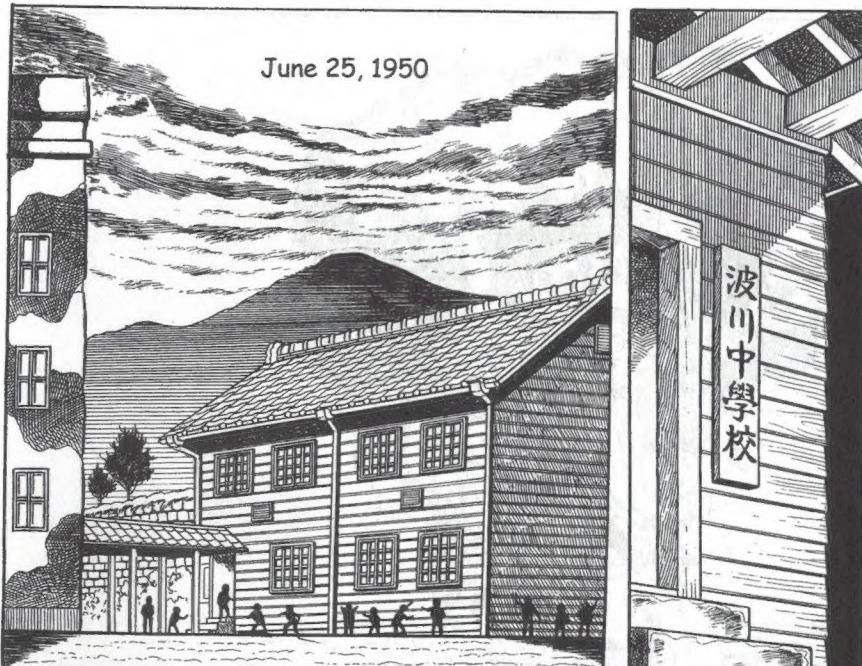
Gen speaks many languages  
"The earth must have peace," he says  
No more deaths in Hiroshima  
No more tears in Baghdad  
We don't need war!

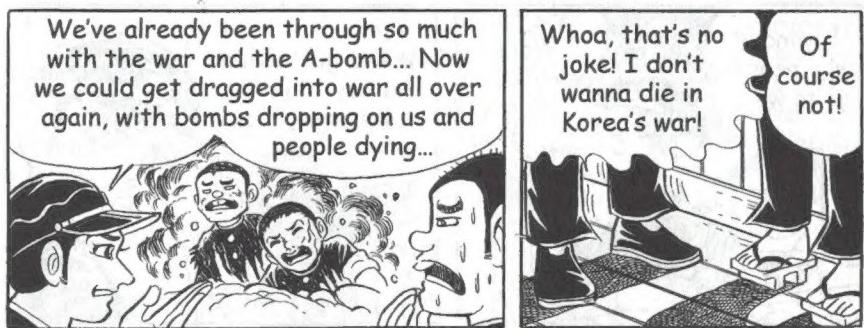
Melt down the bombs, the guns, the rocket launchers  
Turn them into toys!  
"Please, everyone, live in peace!"  
That is the plea of Gen, a boy of Hiroshima

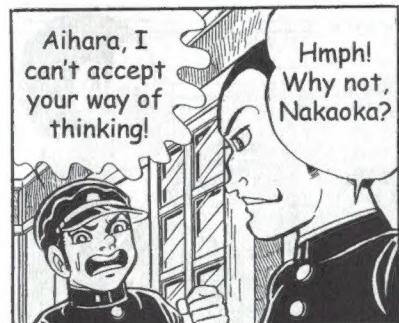
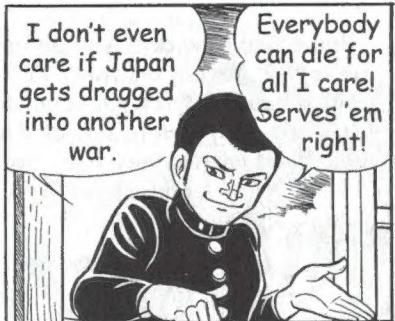
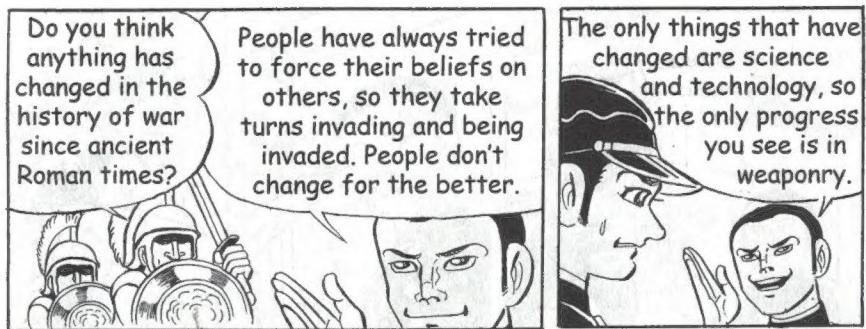
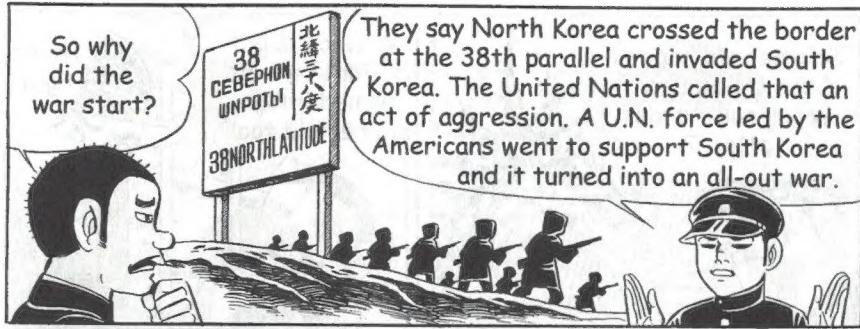
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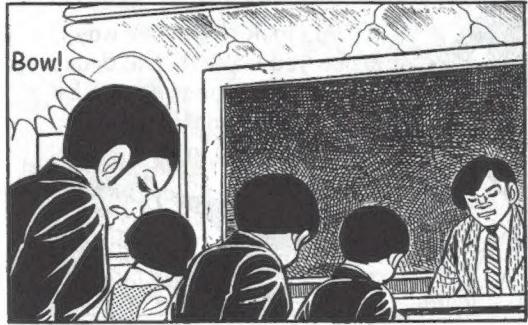
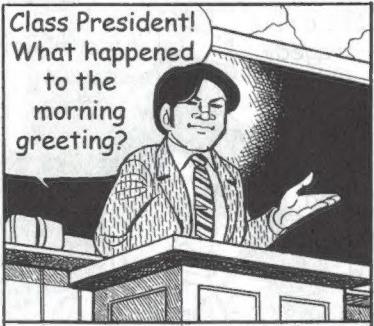
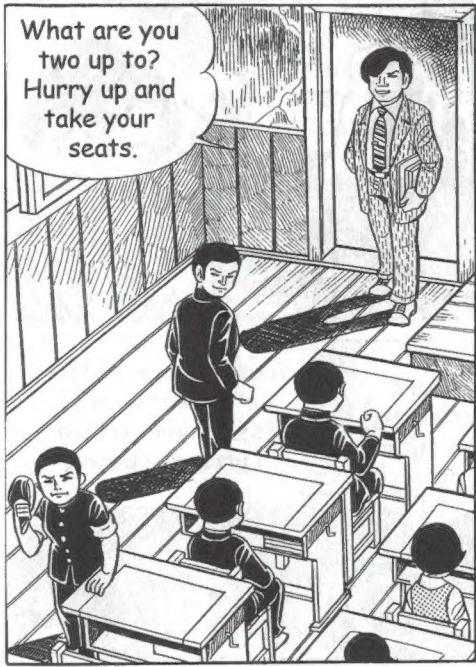
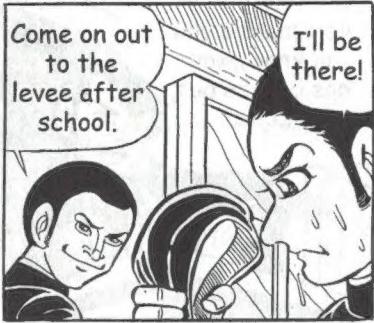
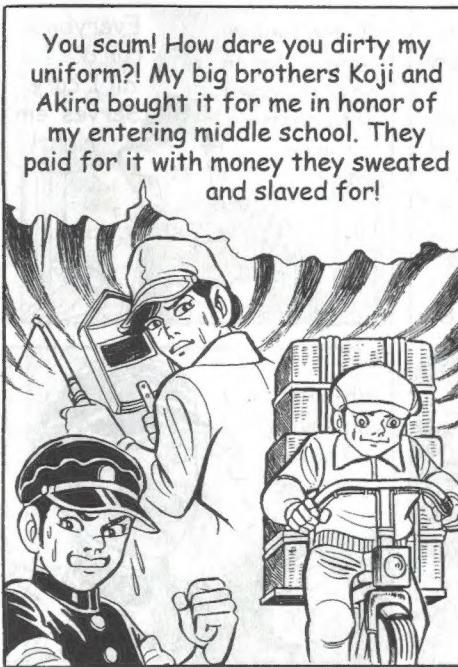
### MERCHANTS OF DEATH

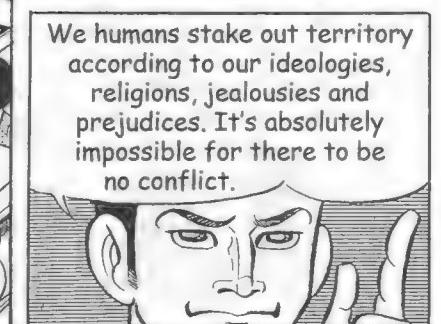
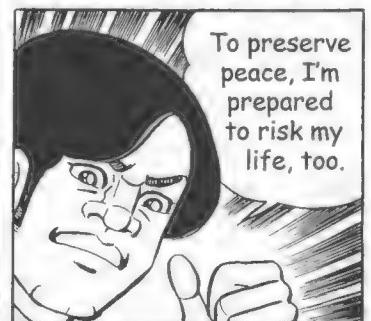
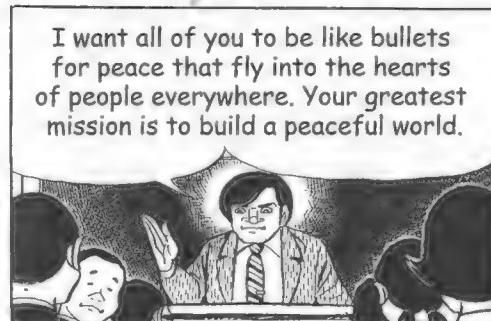
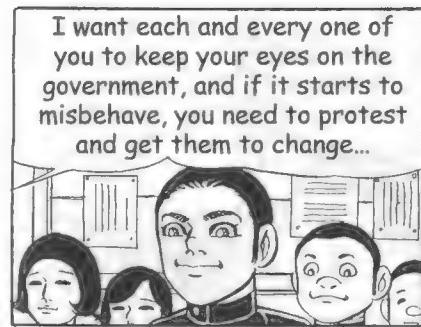
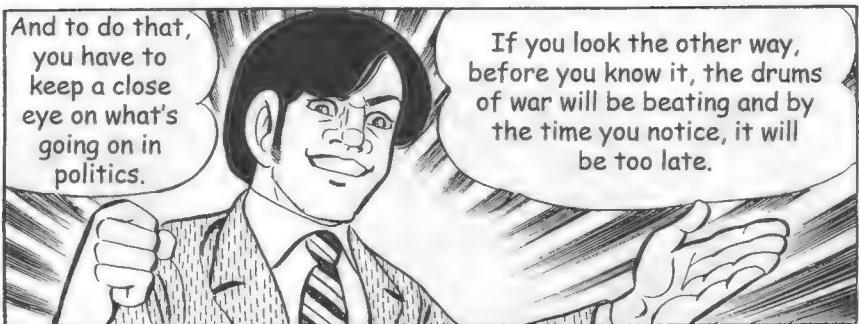
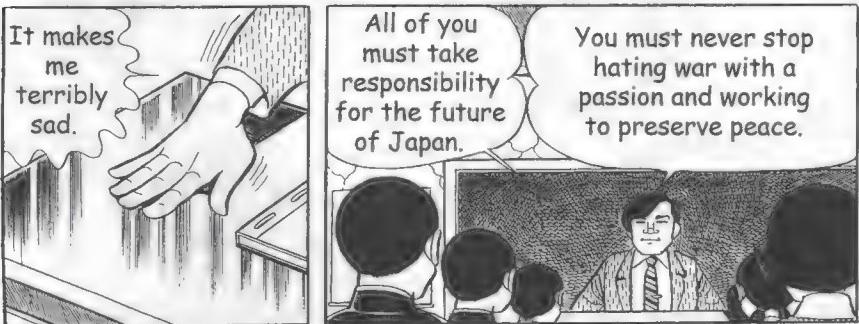
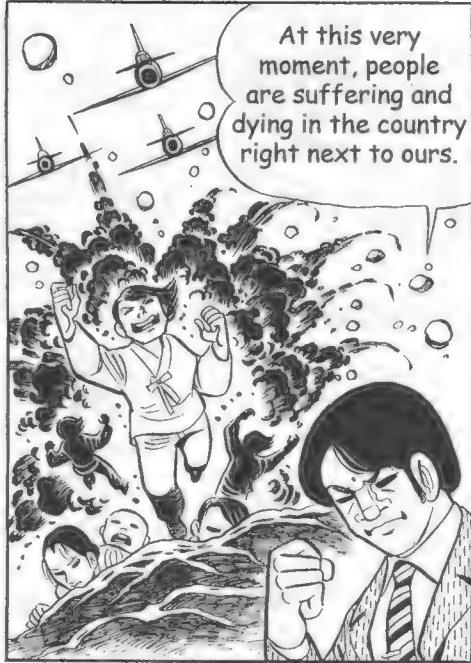


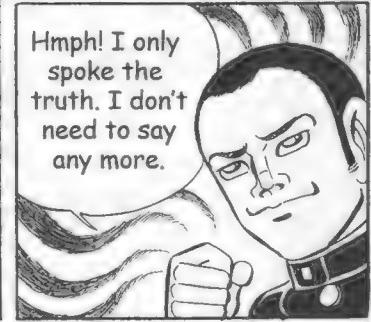
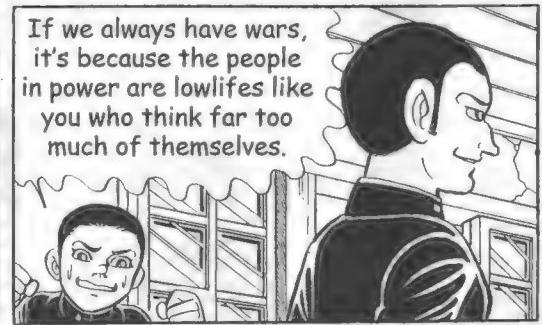
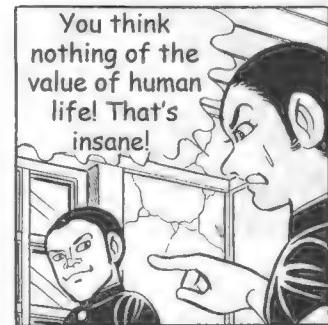
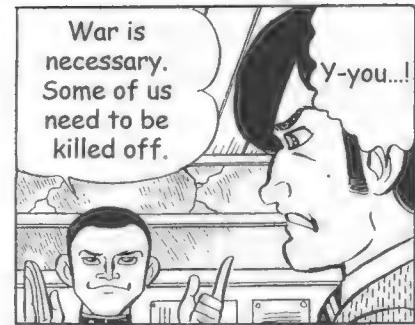
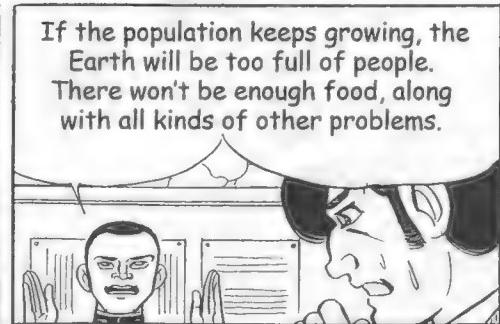
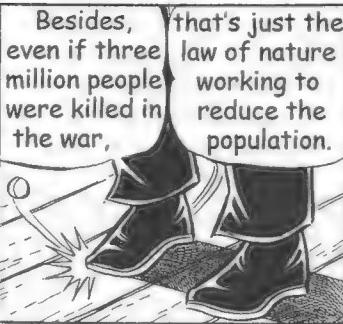
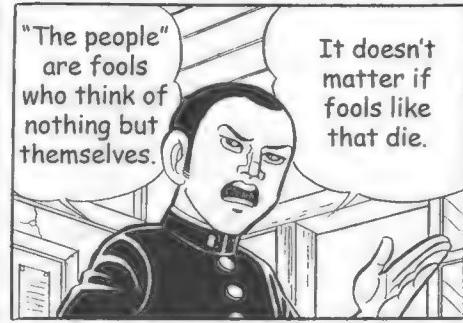
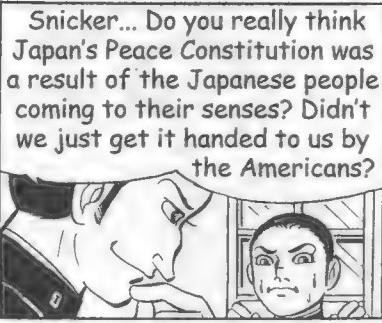
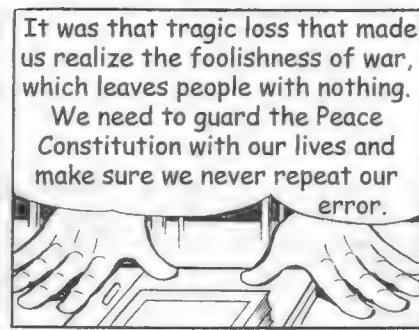
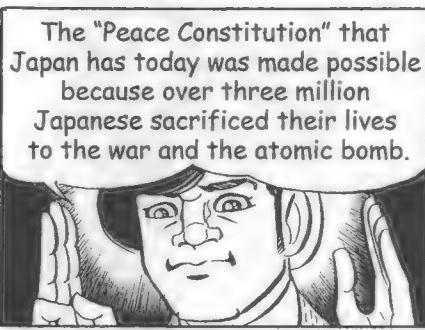
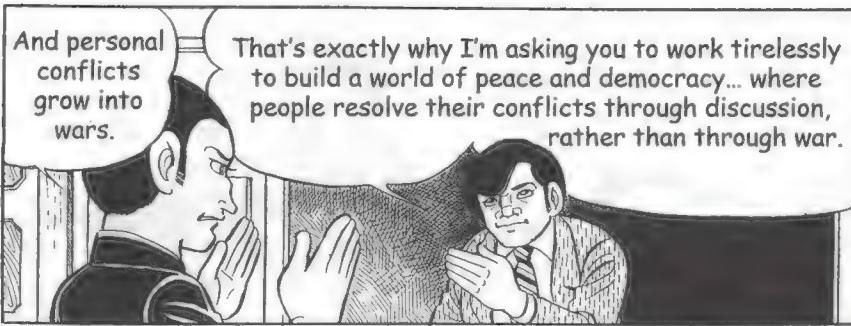


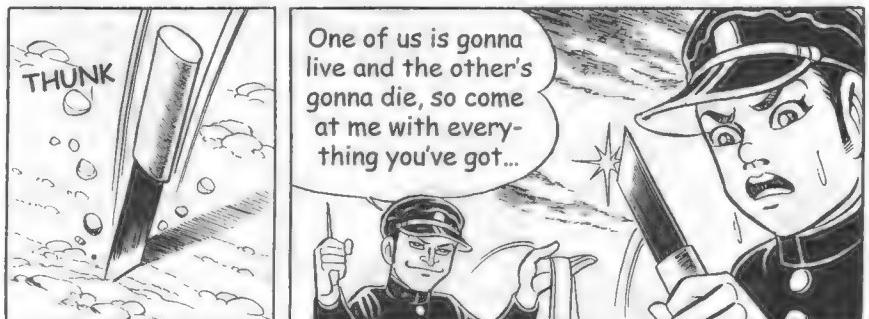
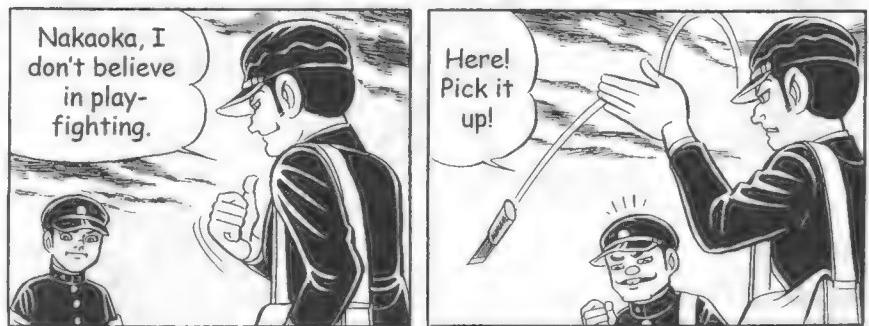
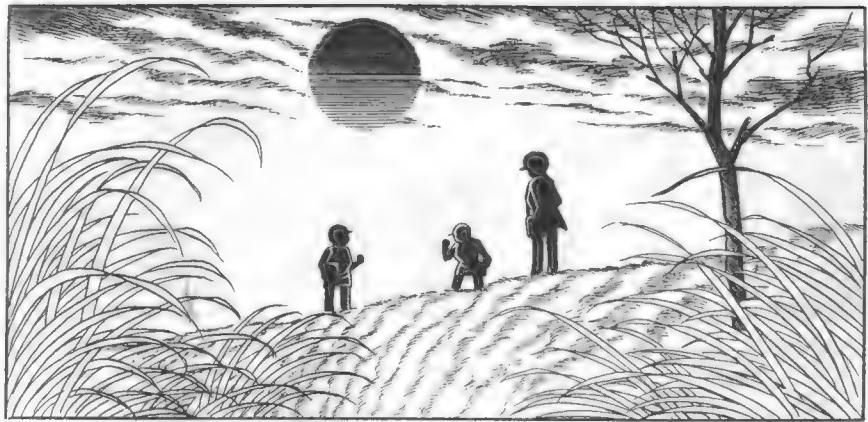
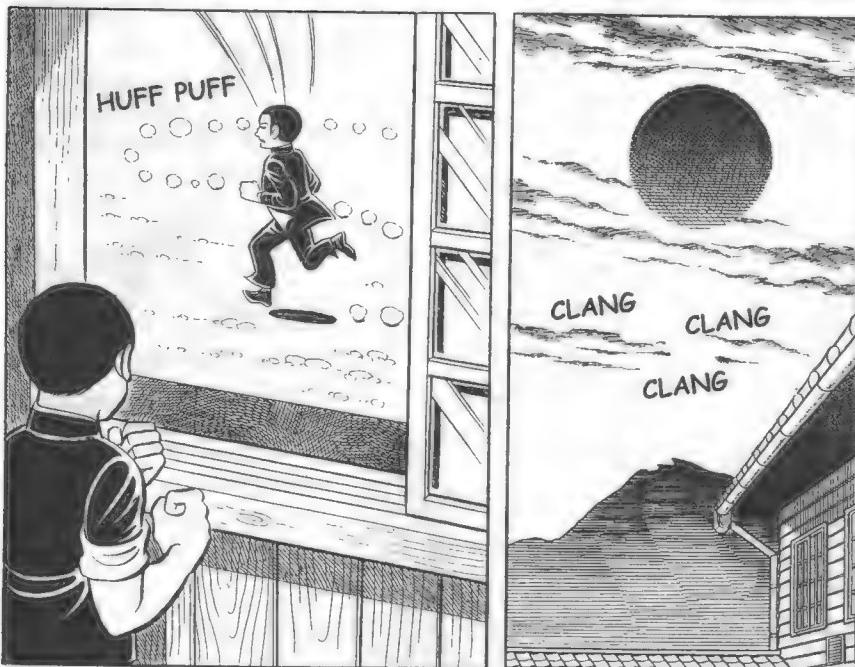
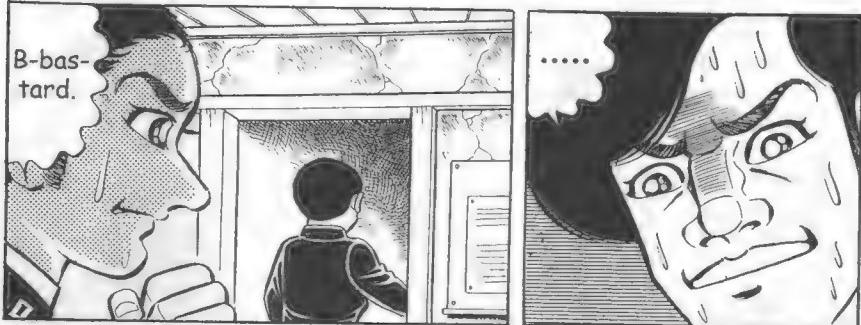


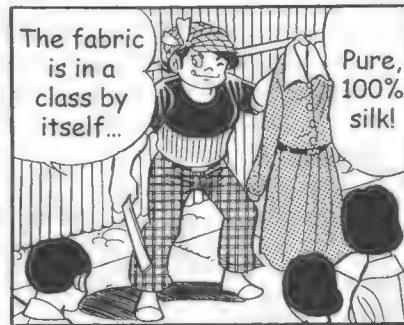
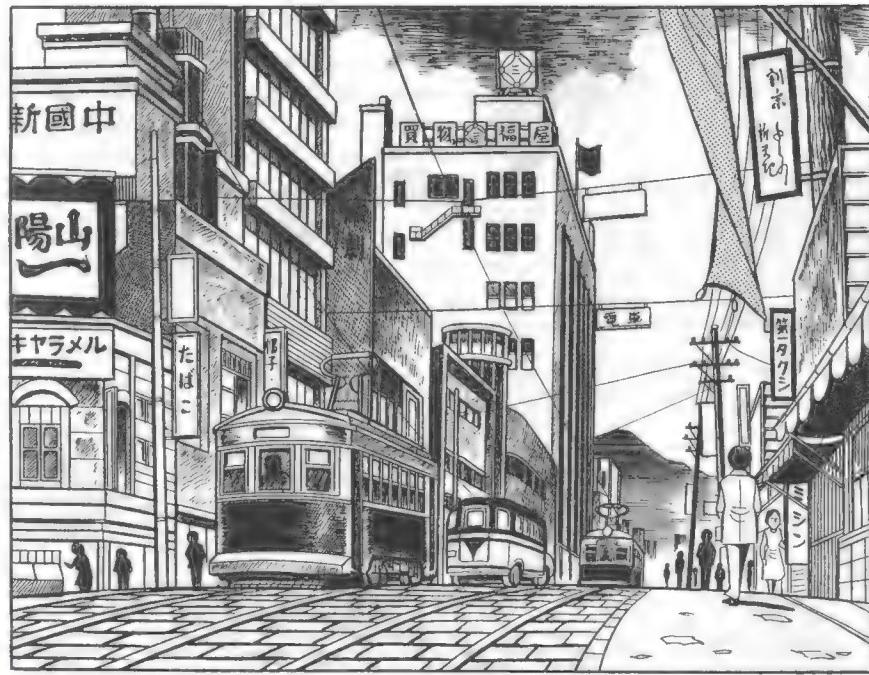


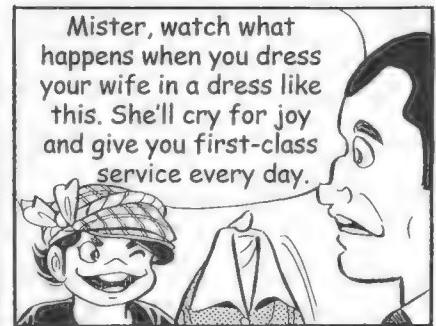
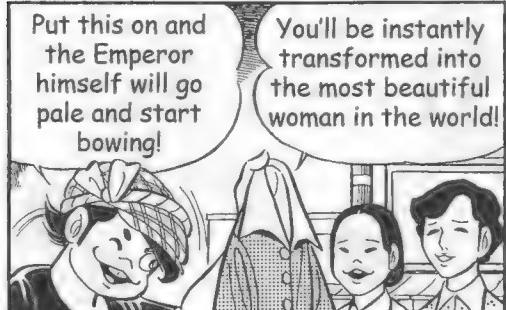


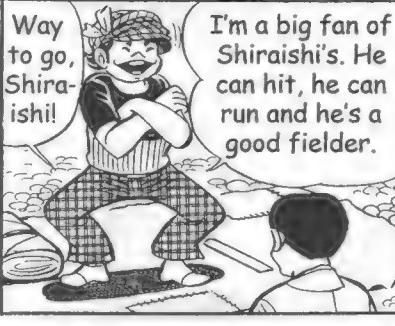
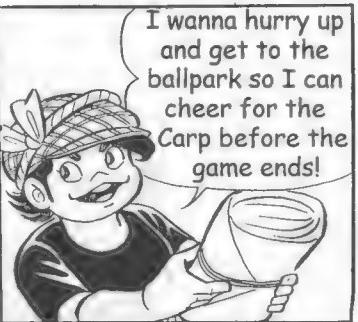


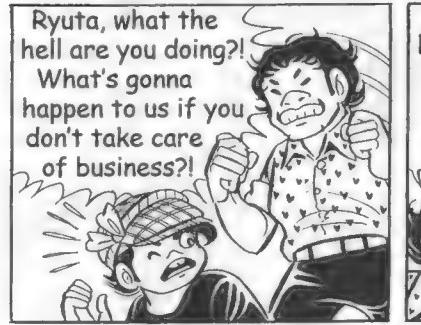
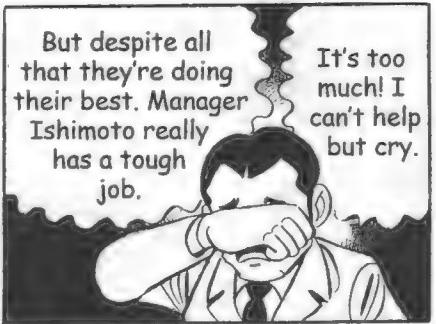
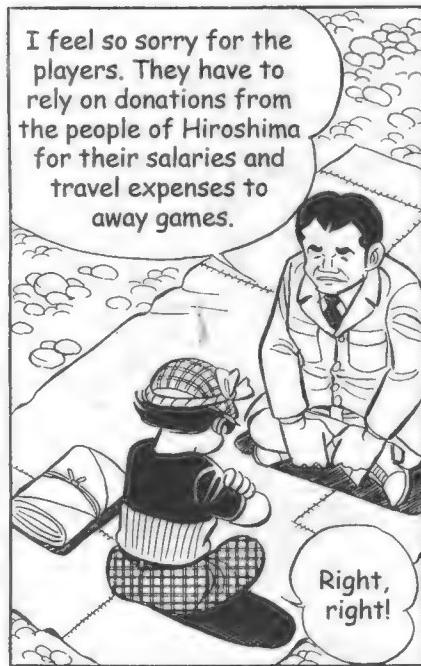
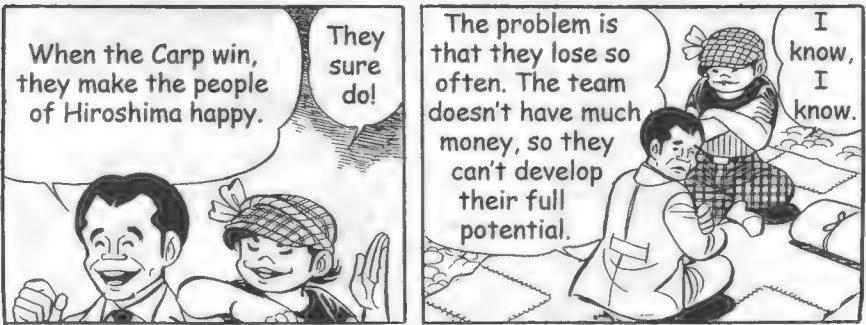
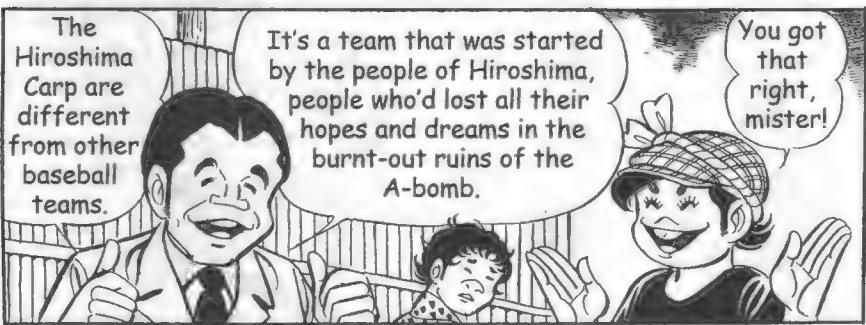


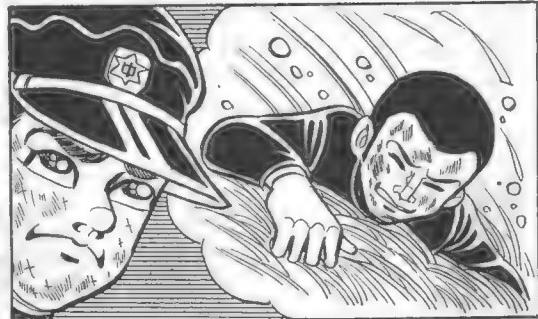
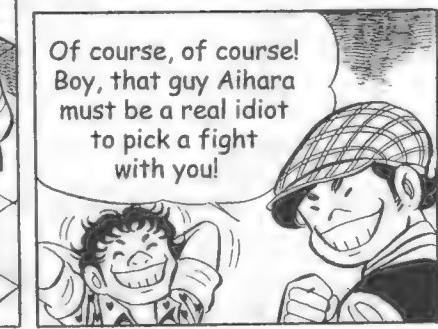
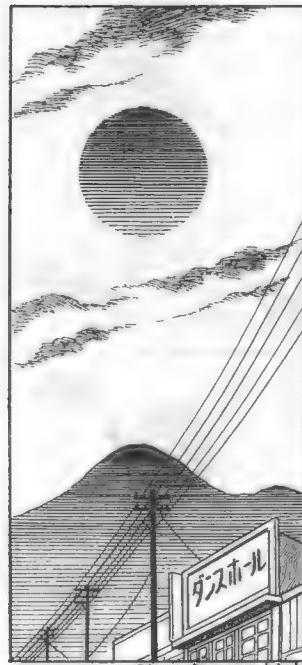


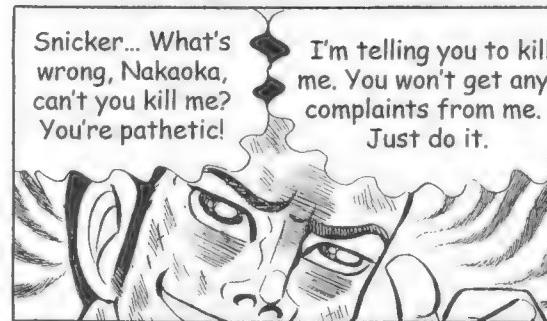
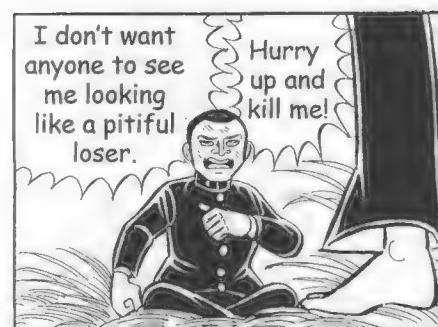
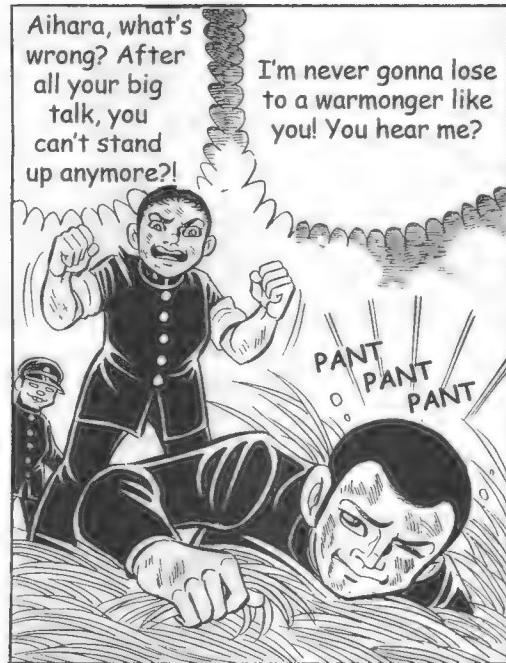






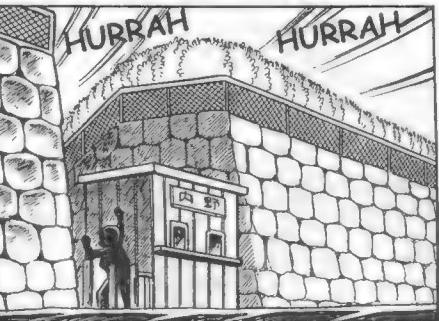
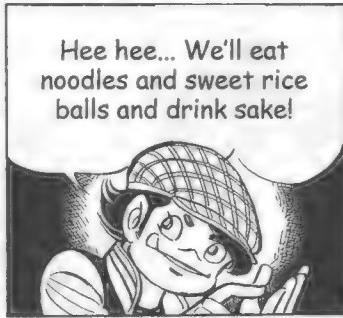


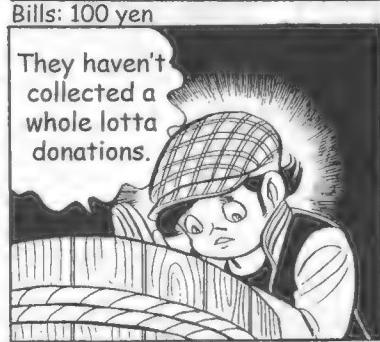
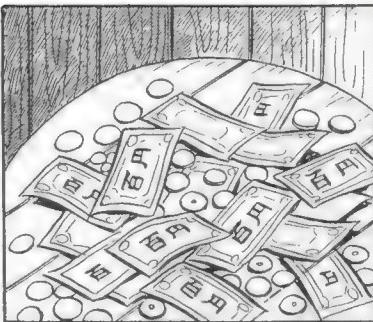




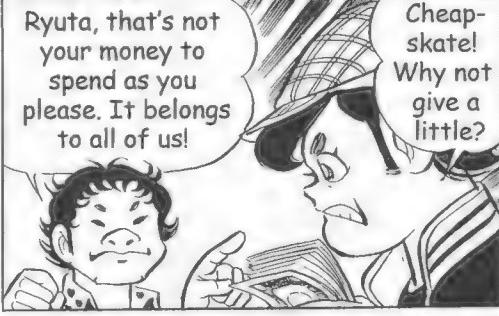
I'm telling you to kill me. You won't get any complaints from me. Just do it.







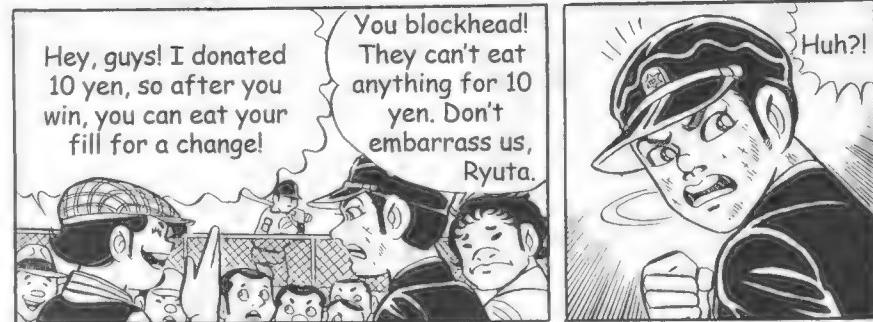
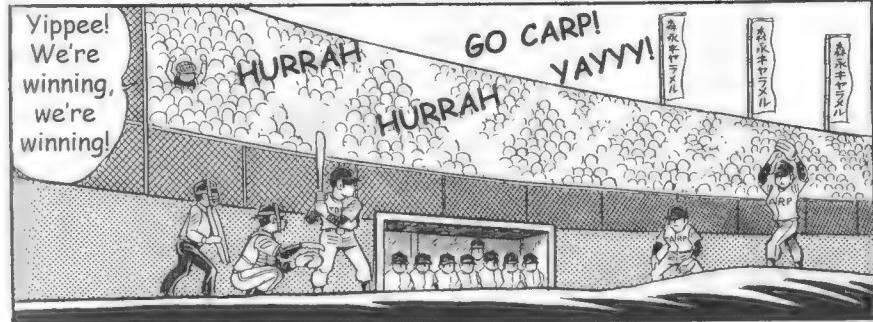
Sign: Donations -- Support the Hiroshima Carp

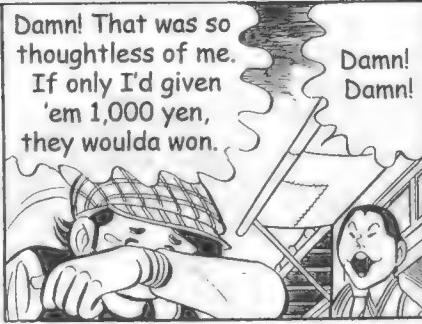
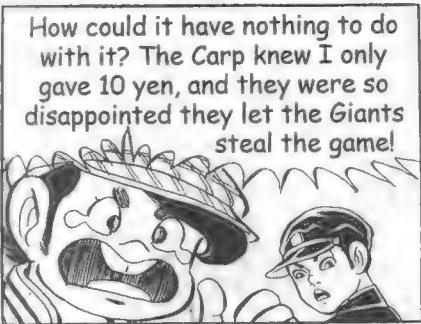
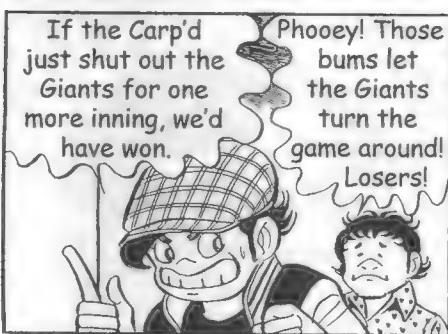


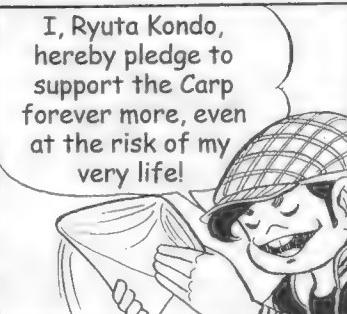
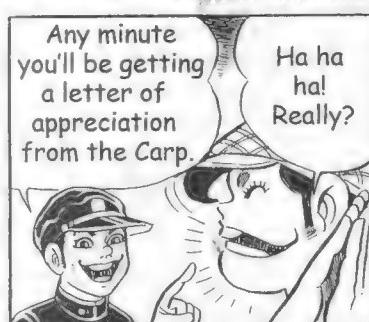
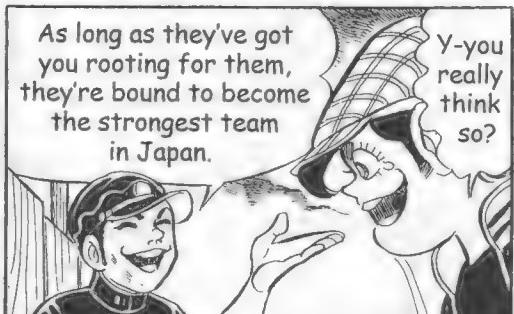
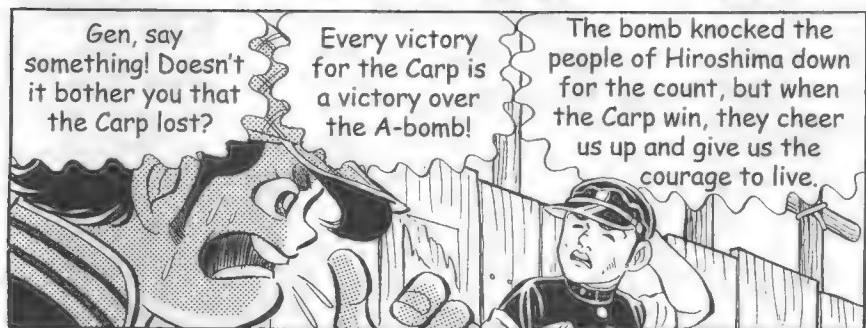
Cheapskate! Why not give a little?

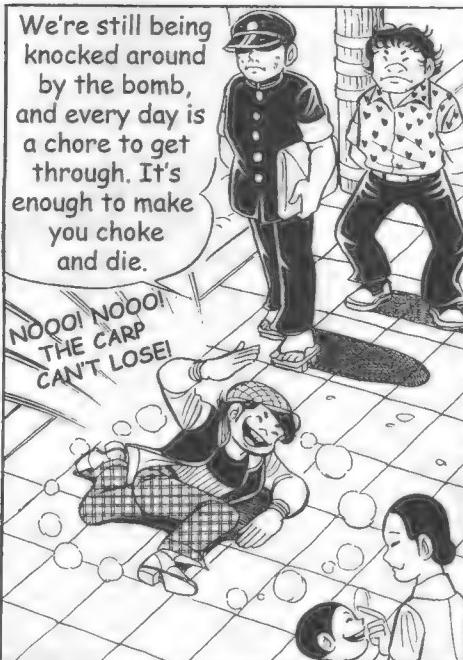


Well, okay.

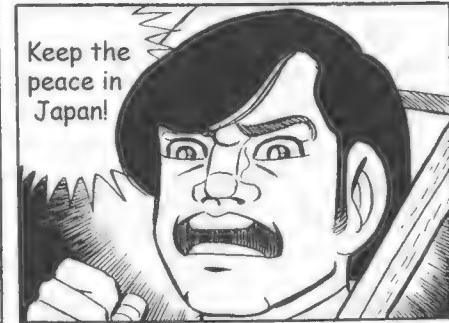






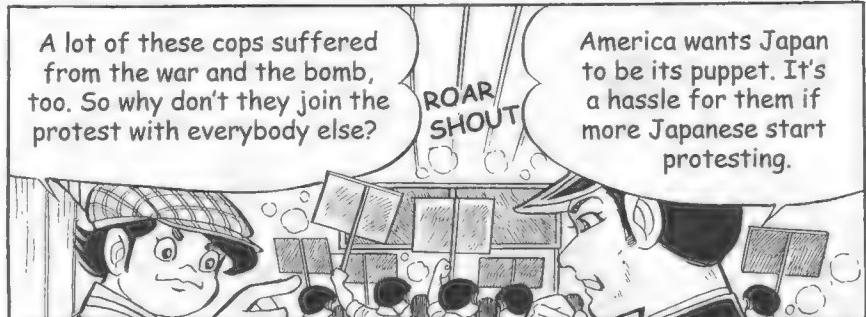


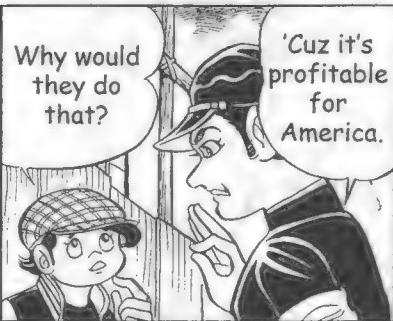
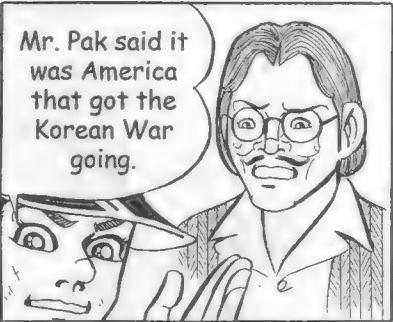
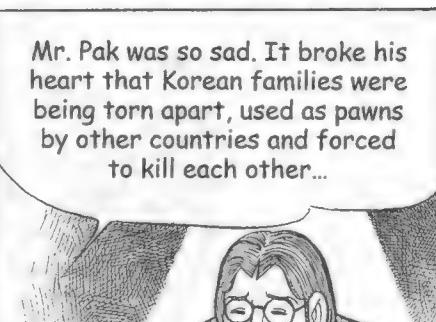
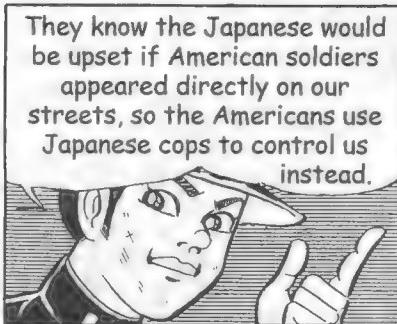
Signs: NO WAR!! Fight for peace and national independence!  
No more atomic bombs! Keep the peace!

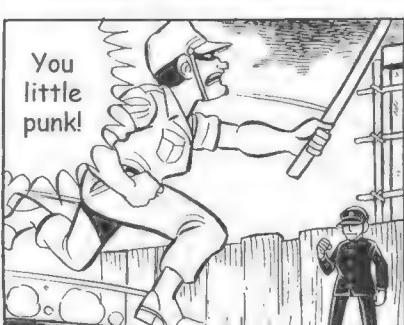
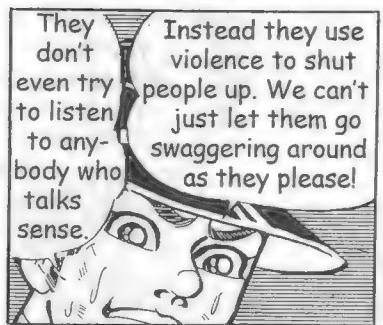
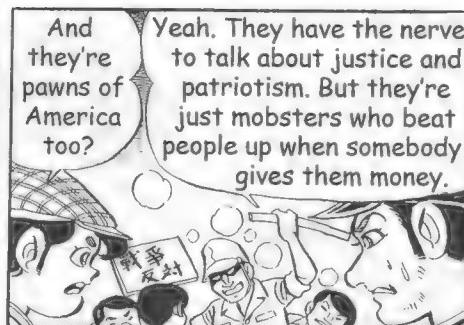




38 \*GHQ: General Headquarters of the Supreme Commander for the Allied Powers, which ruled Japan during the postwar occupation until 1952

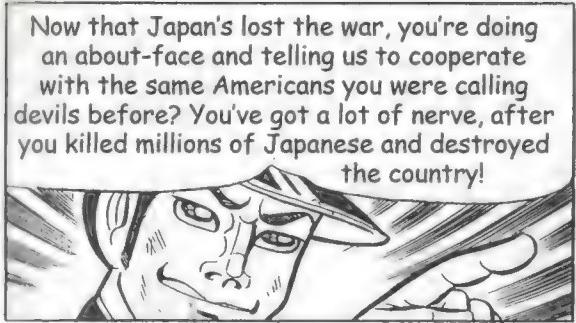




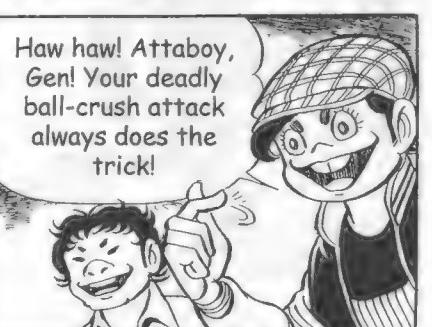
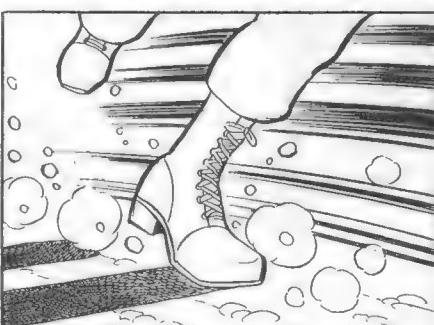


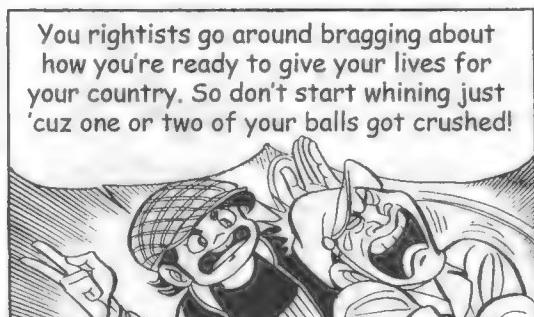
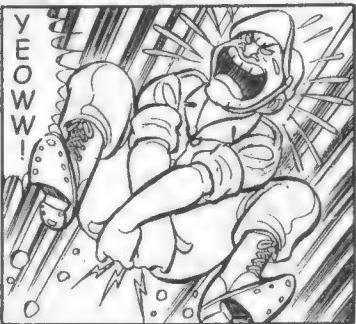
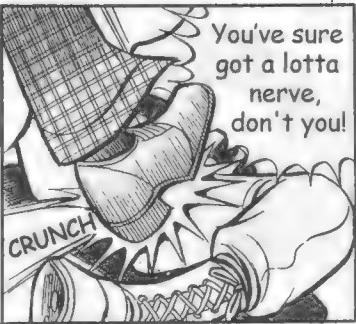
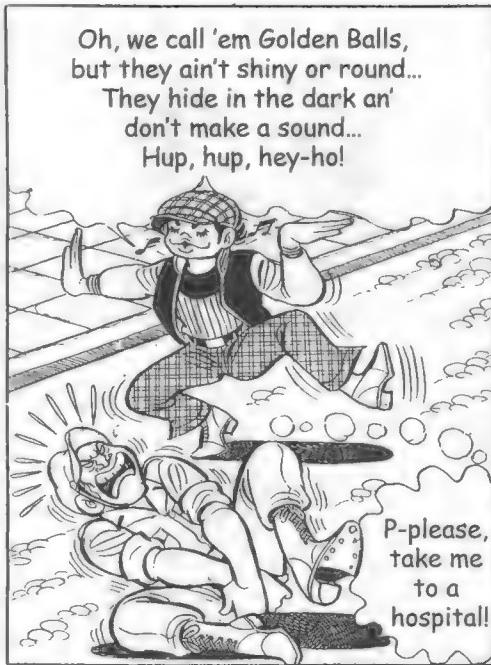
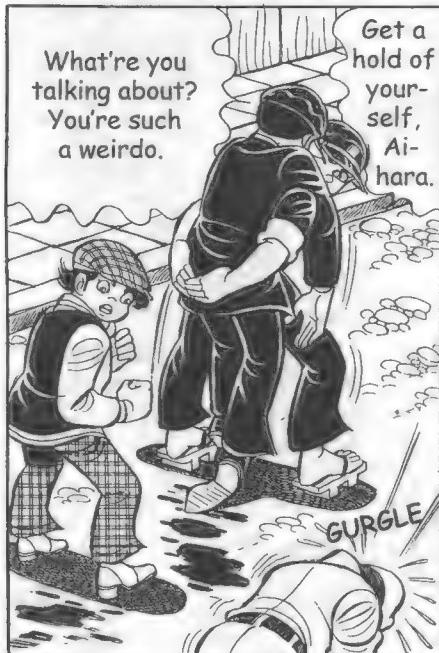


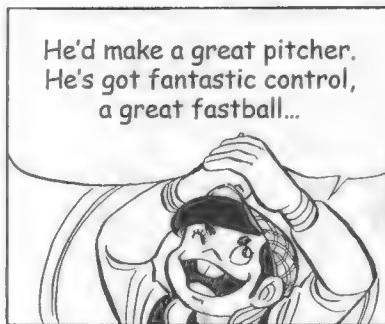
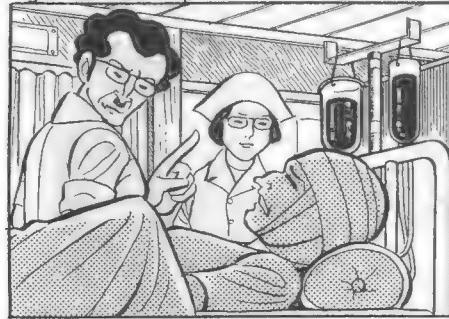
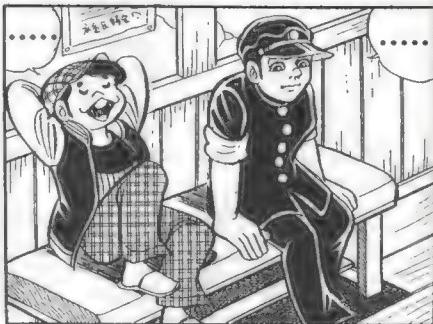
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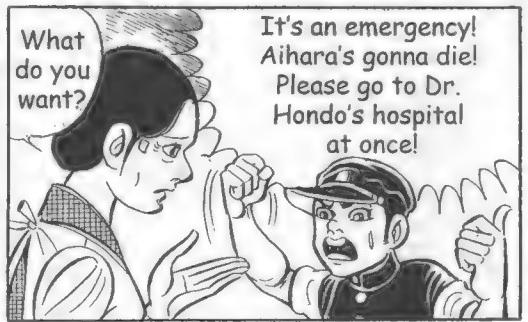
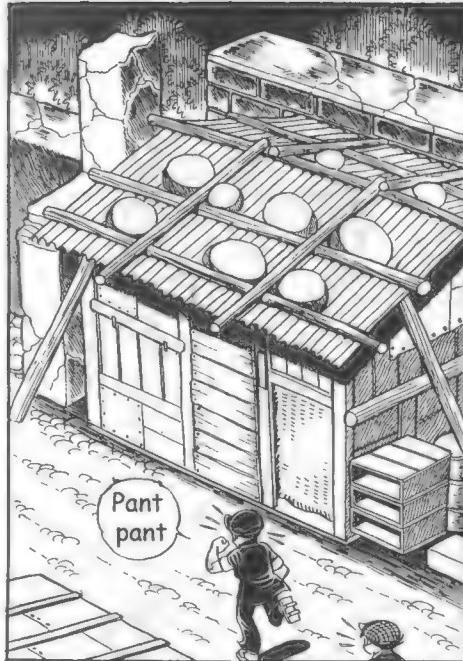
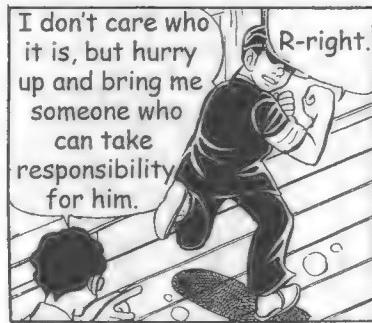
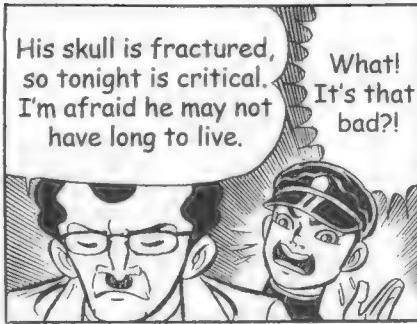
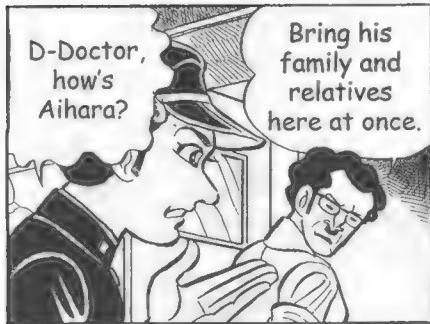


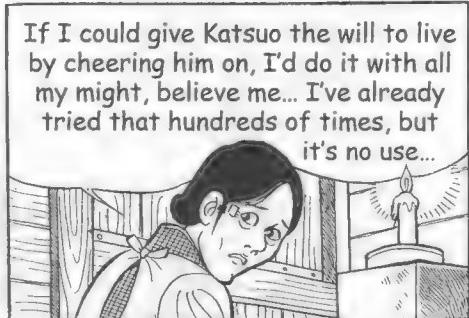
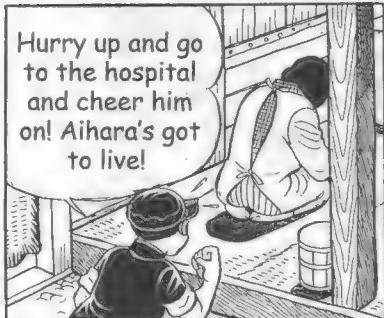
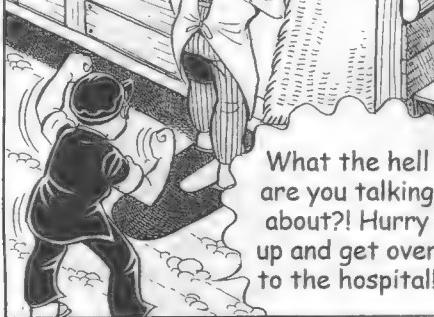
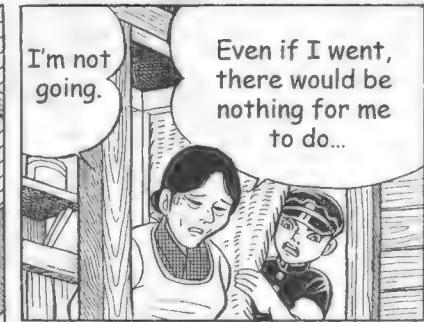
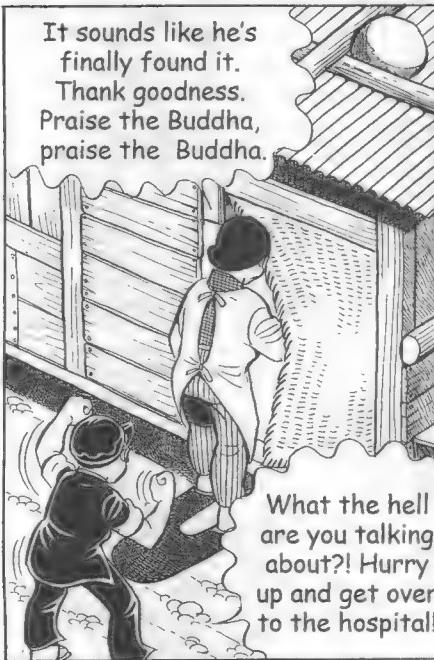
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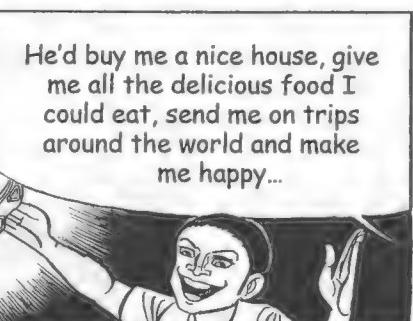
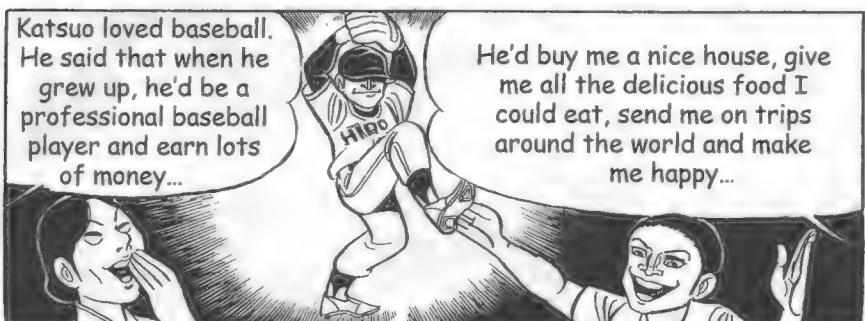
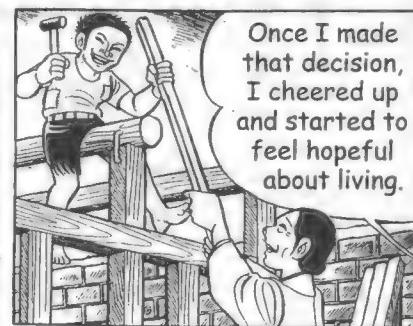






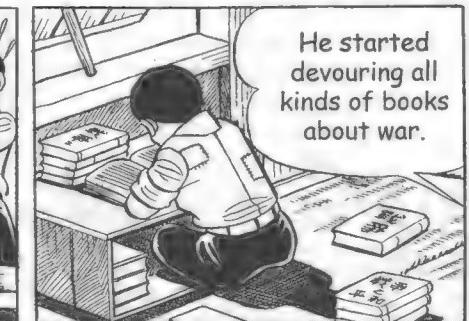
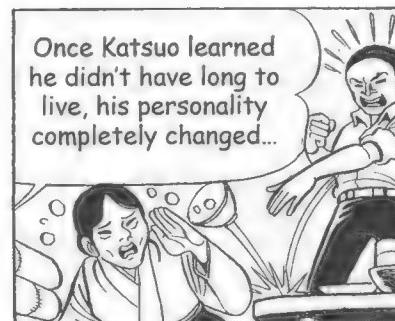
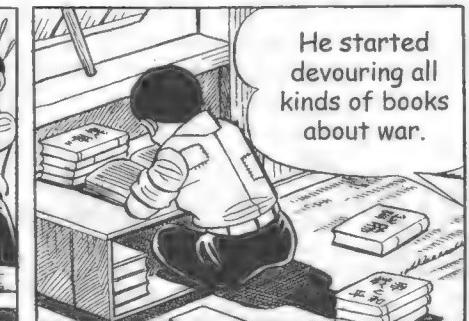
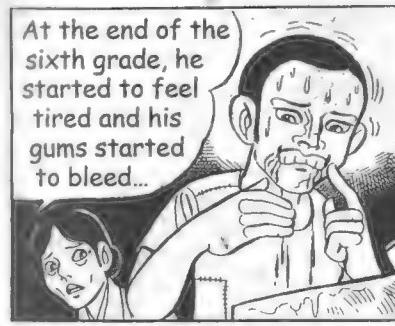
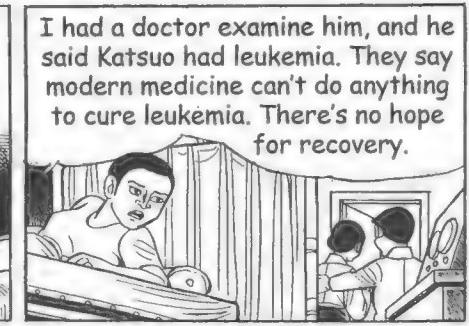
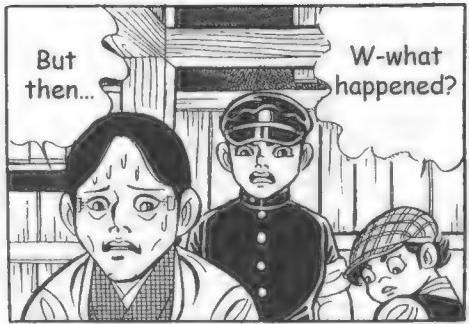


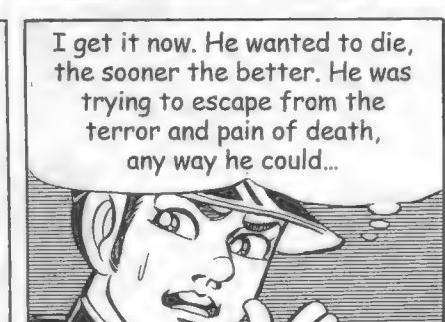
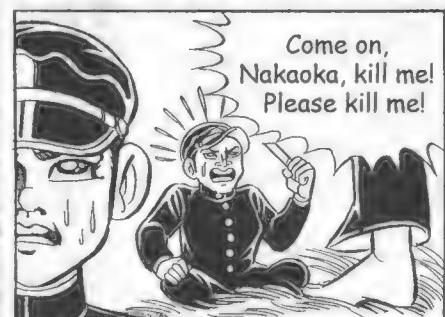
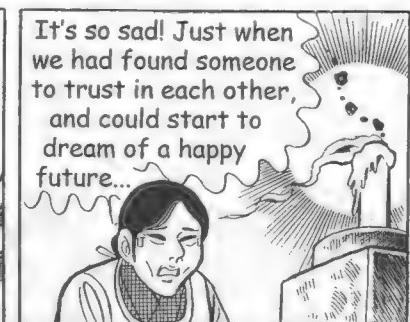
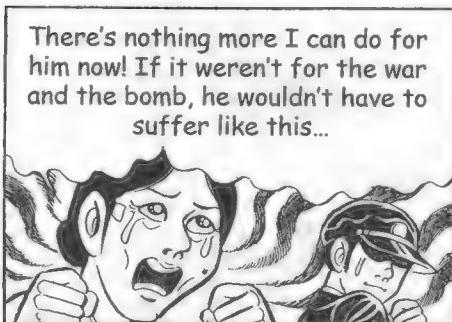
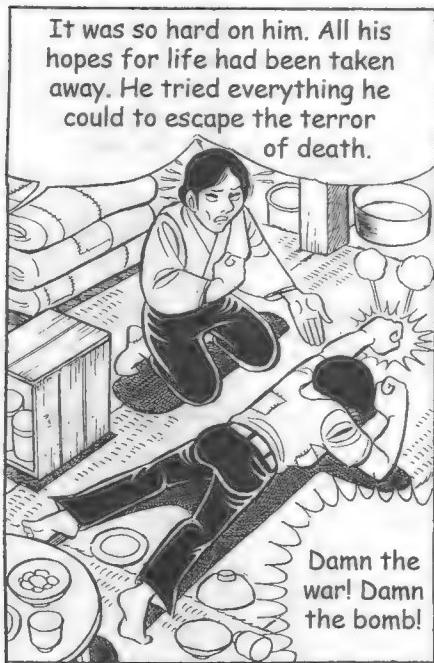
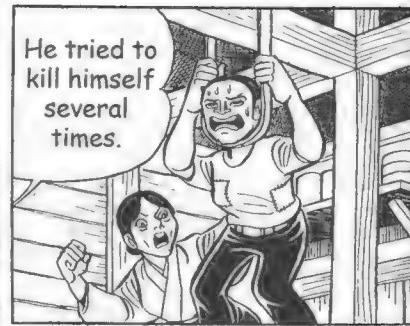
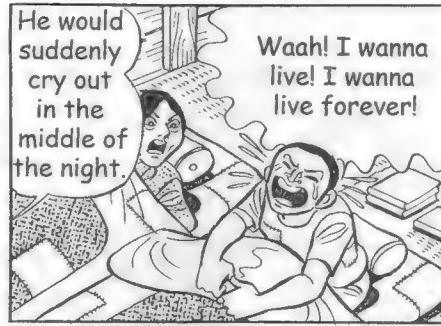


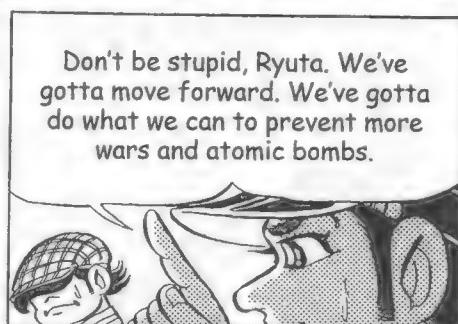
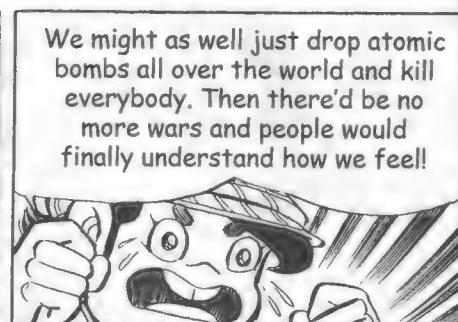
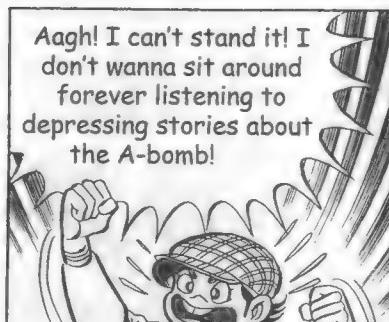


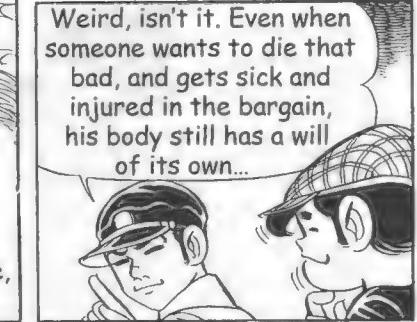
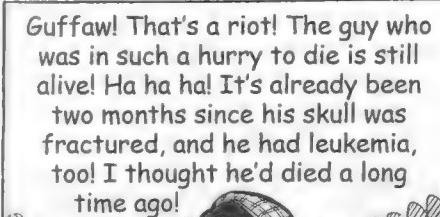
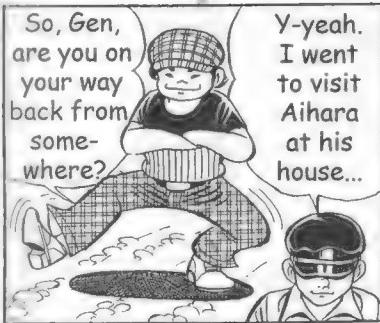
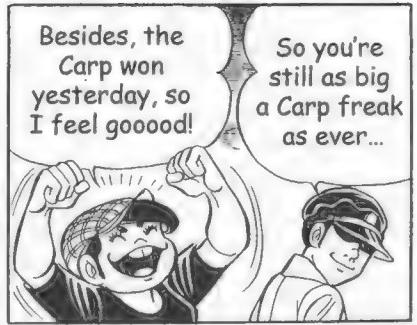
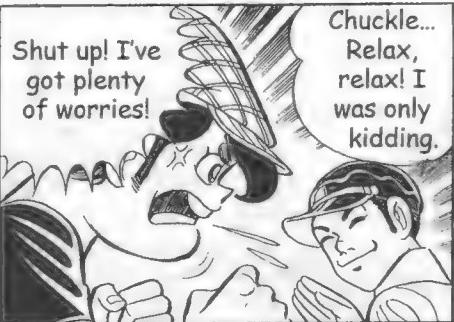
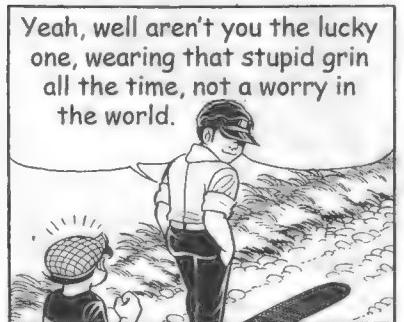
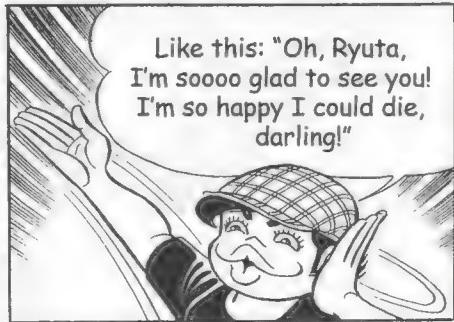
Katsuo loved baseball. He said that when he grew up, he'd be a professional baseball player and earn lots of money...

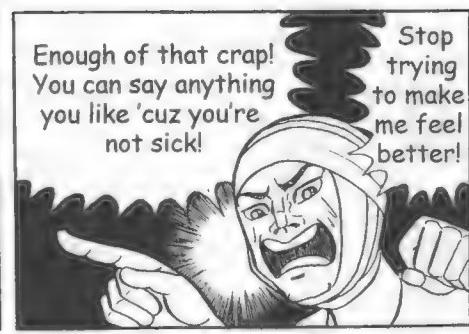
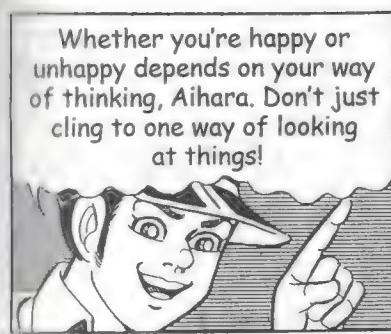
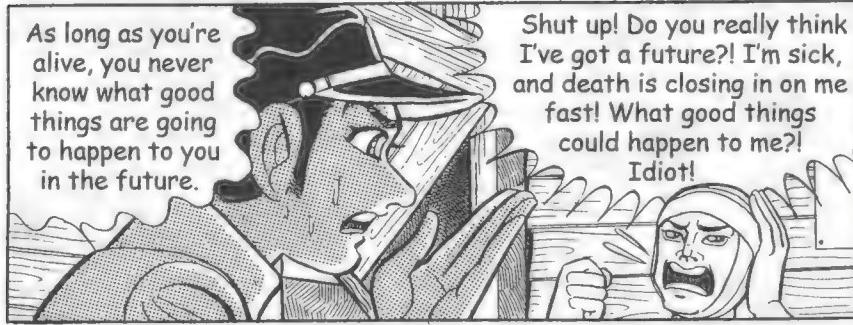
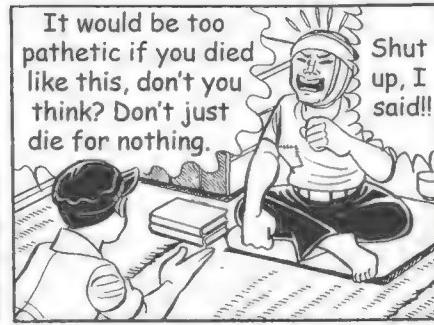
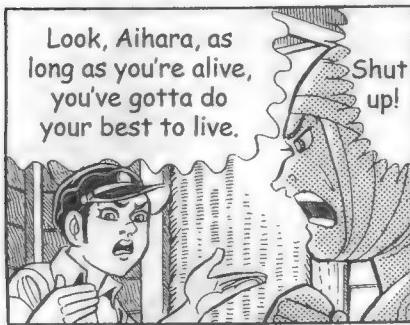
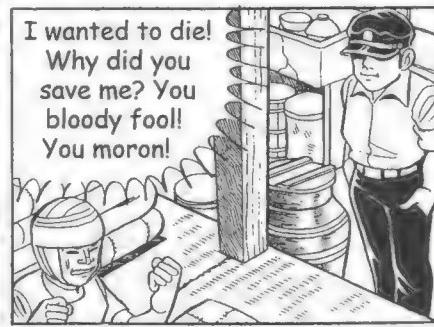
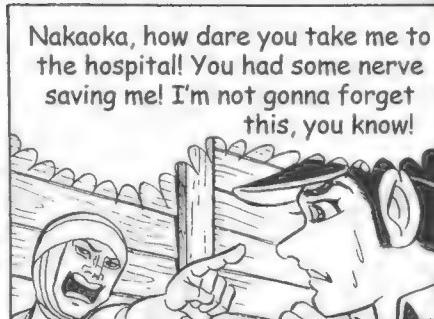
He'd buy me a nice house, give me all the delicious food I could eat, send me on trips around the world and make me happy...





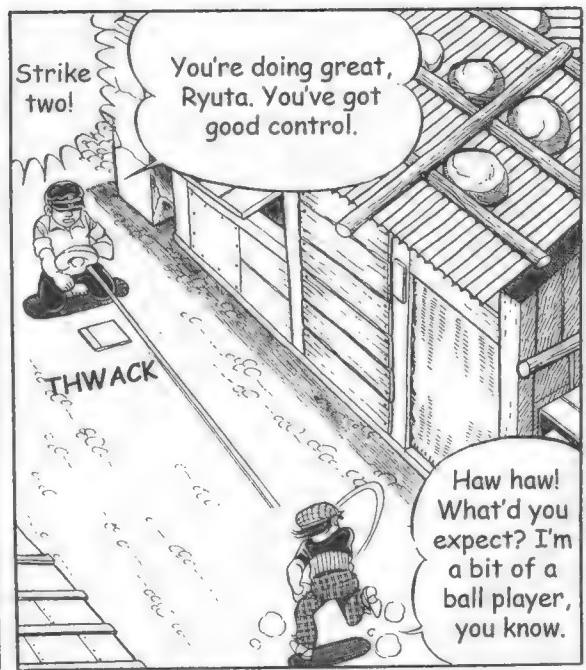
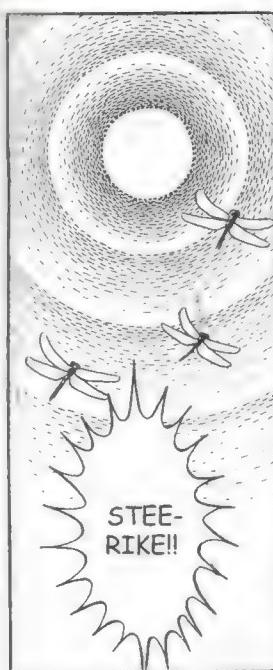
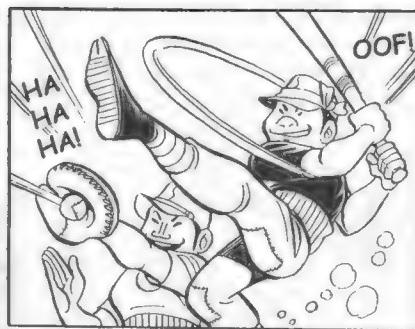




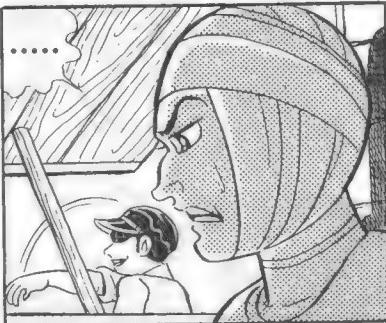


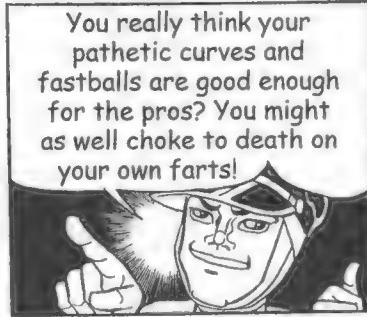
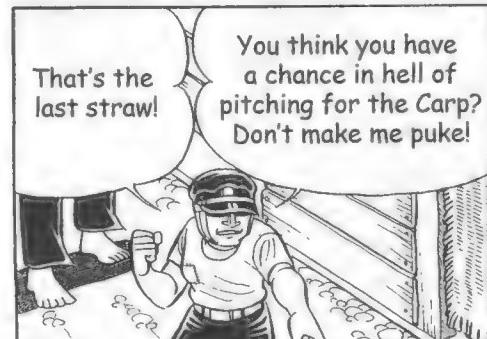
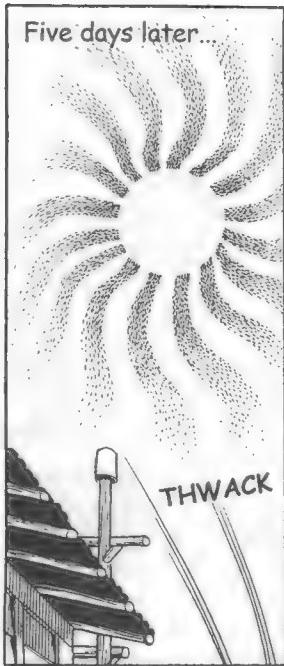
One of  
us? What  
makes you  
say that?

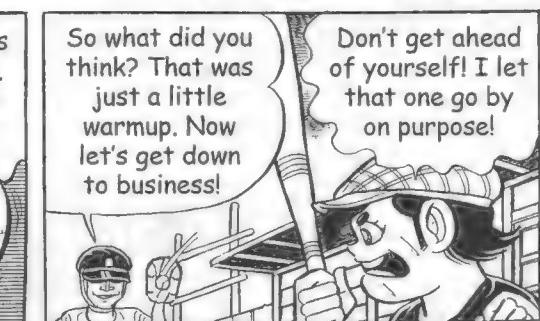
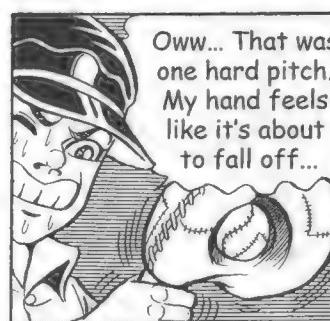
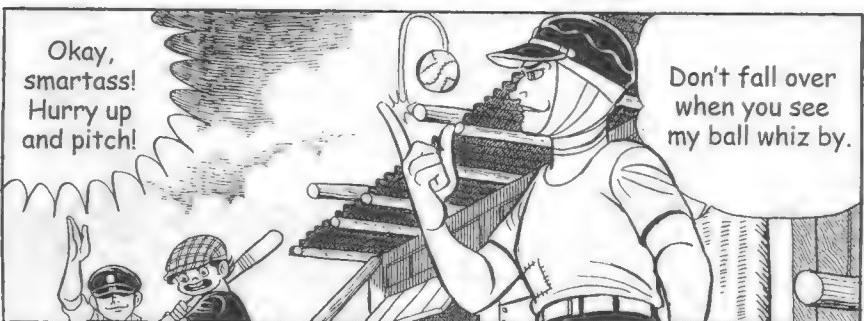


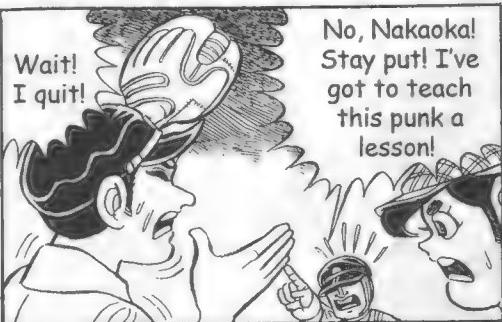
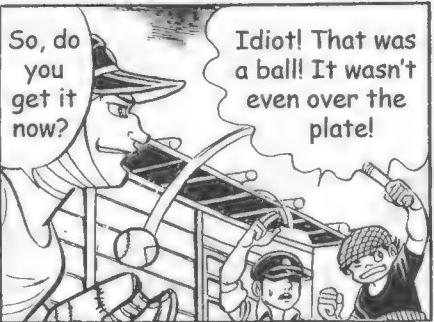
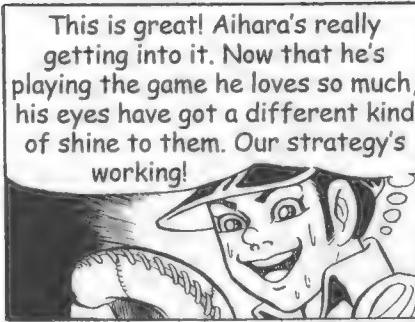


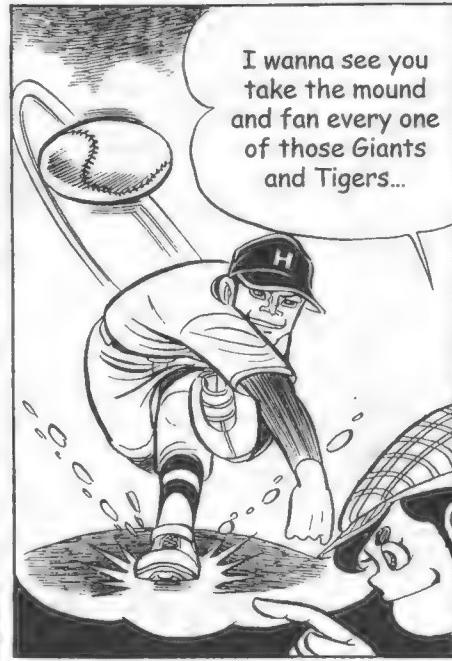
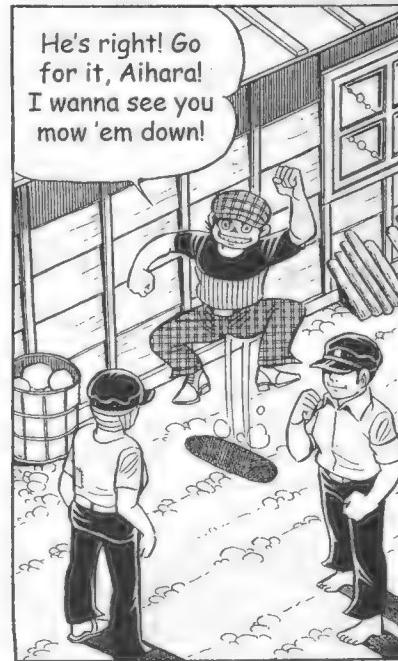
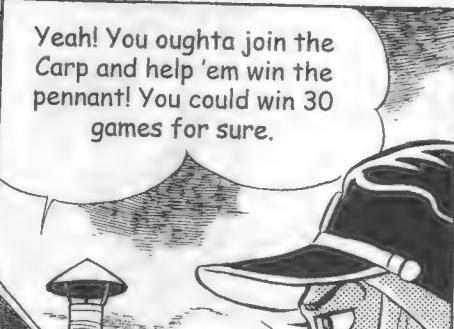
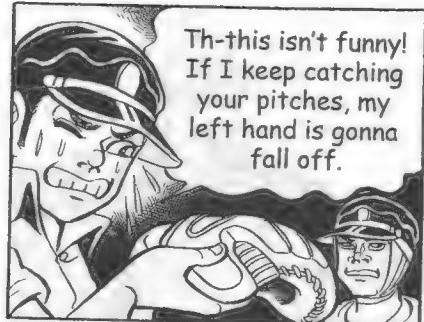
How haw!  
What'd you  
expect? I'm  
a bit of a  
ball player,  
you know.





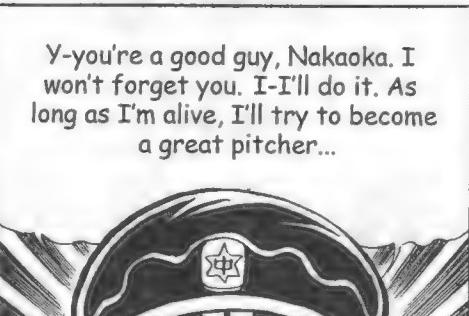




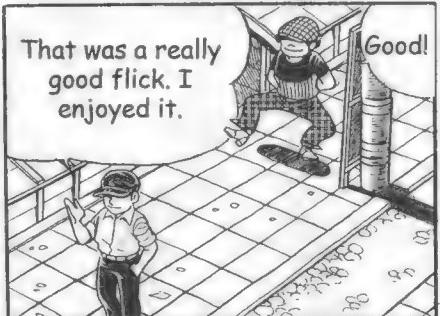


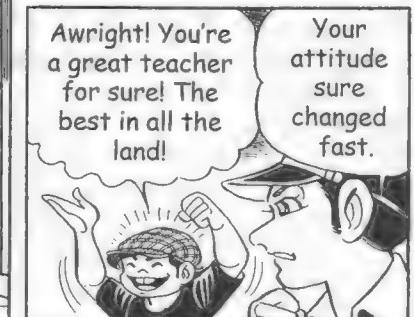
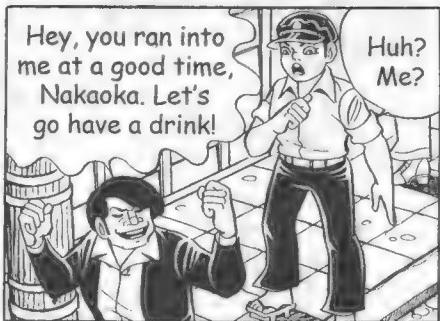
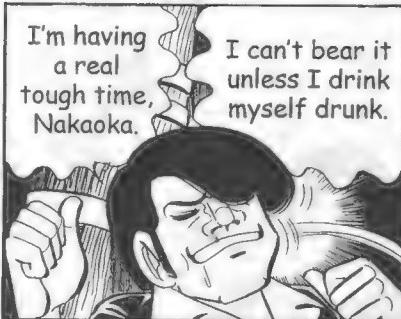
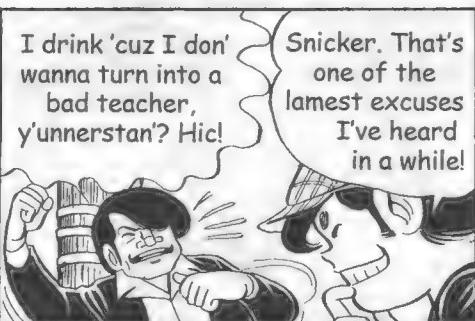
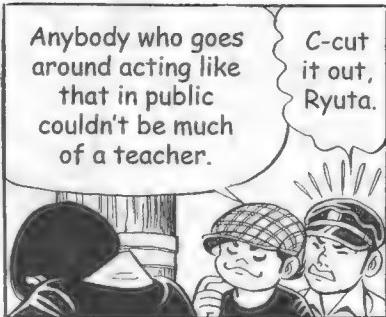


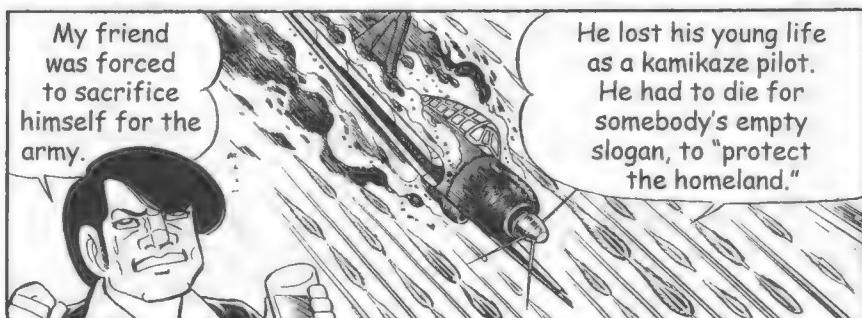
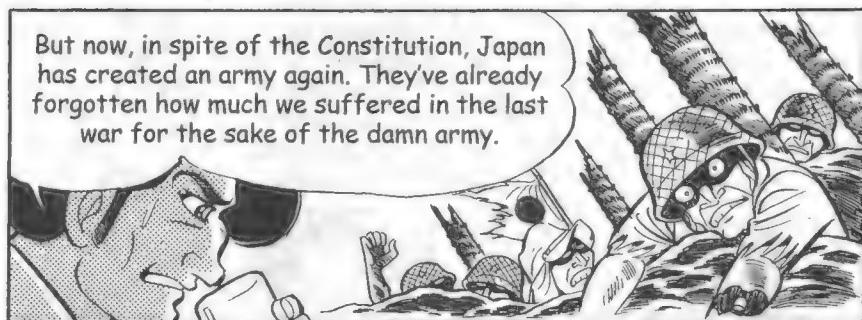
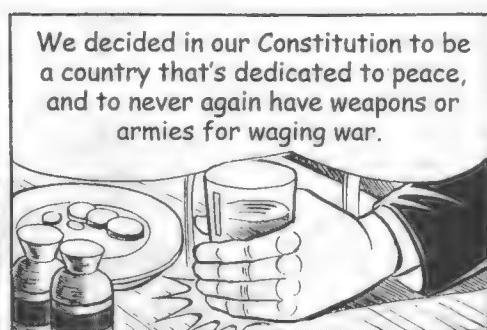
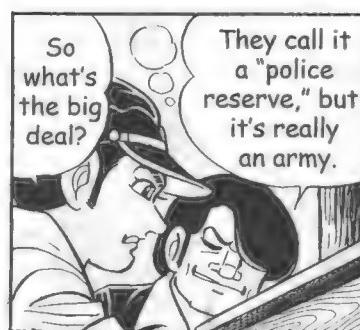
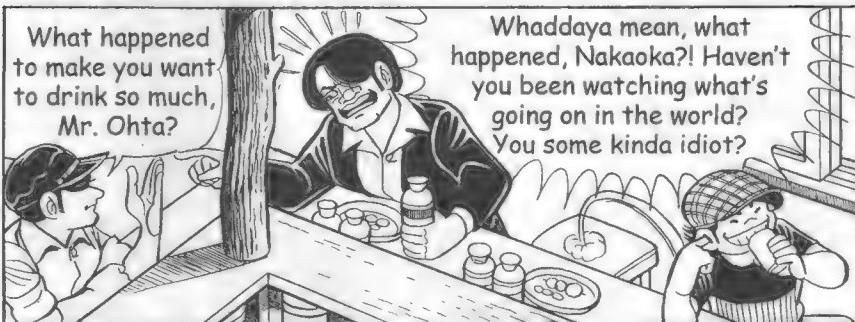
Haw  
haw  
haw!

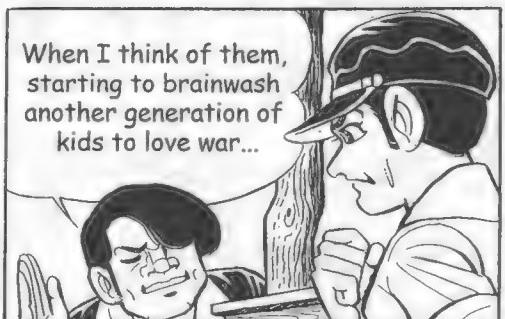
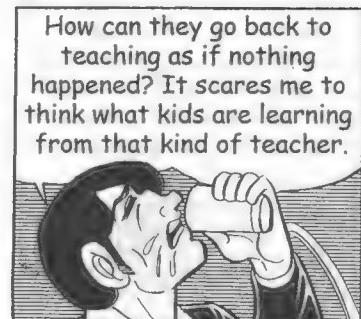
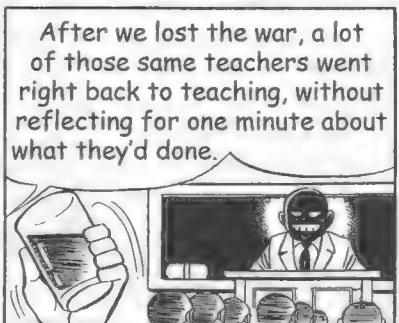
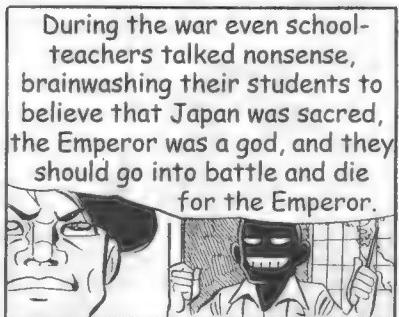
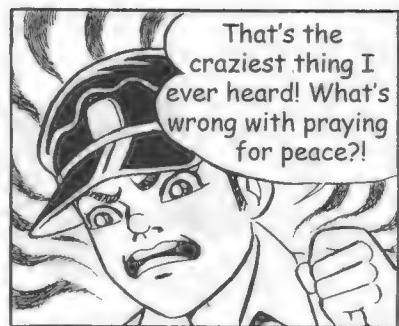
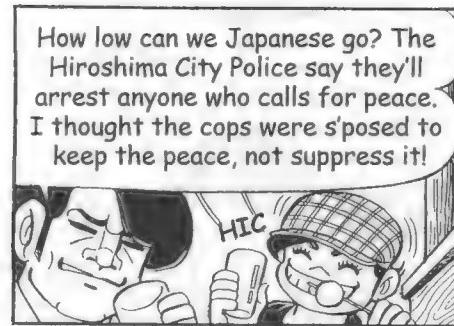
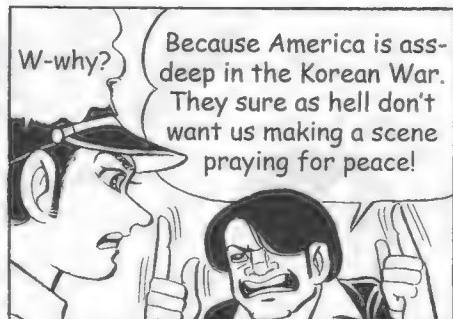
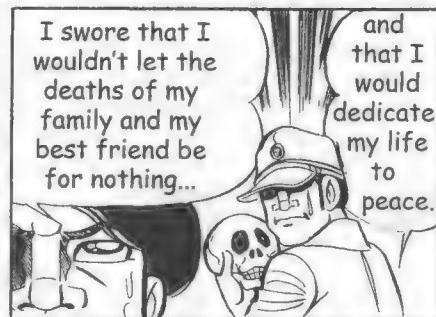
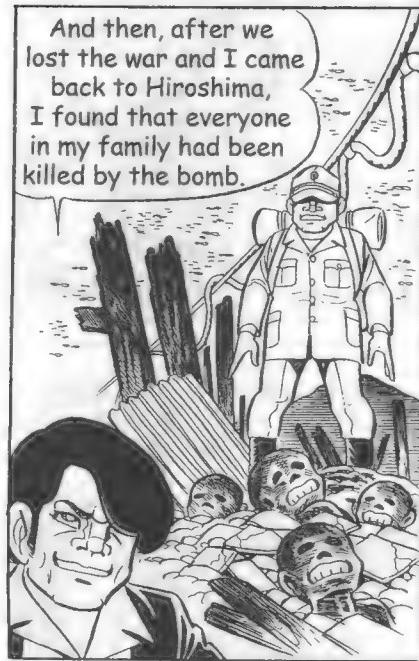
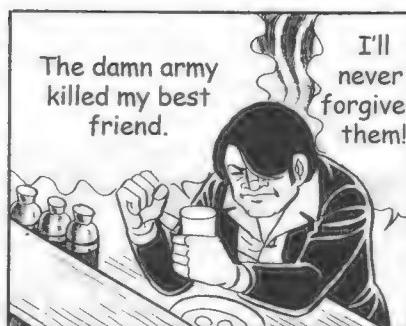
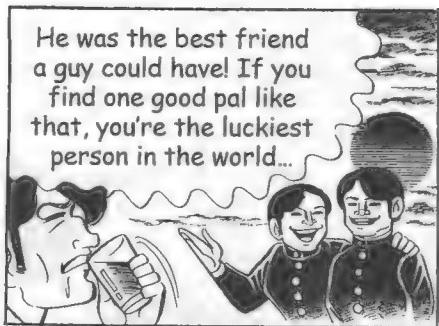


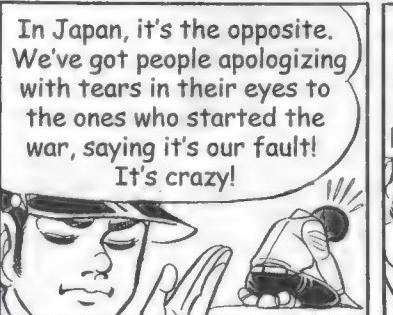
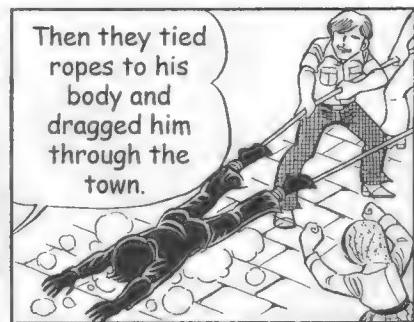
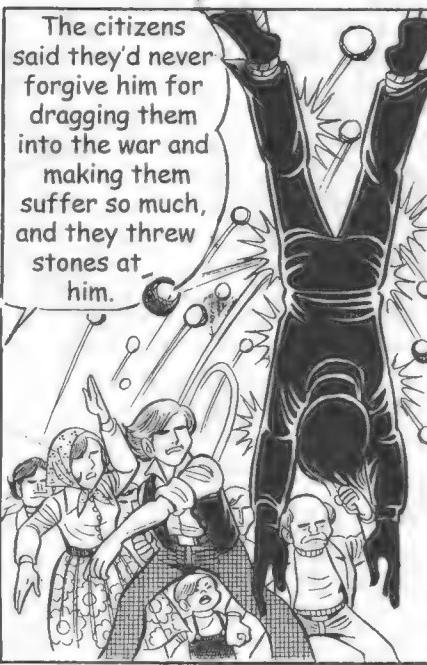
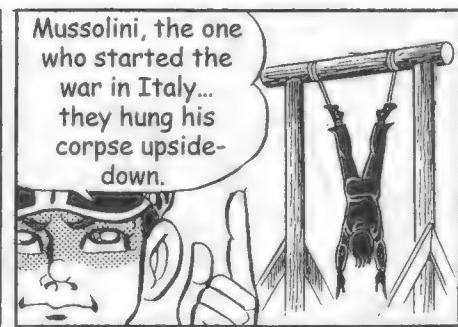
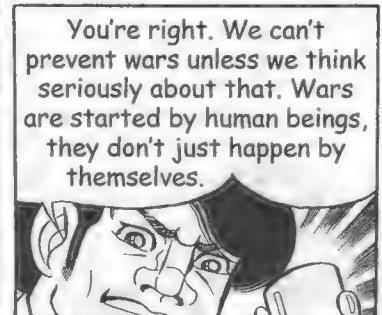
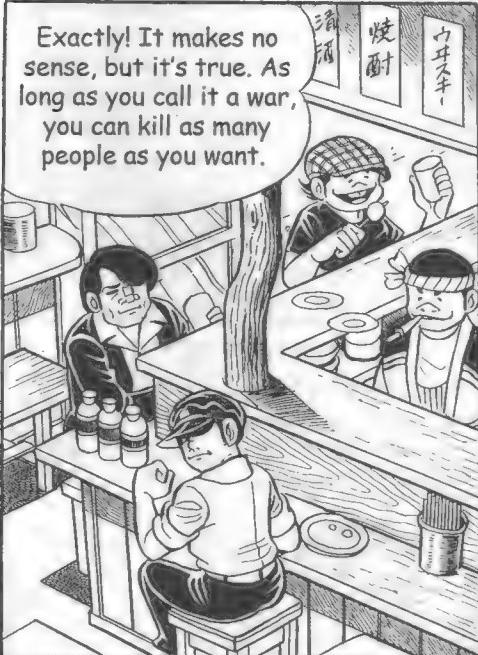
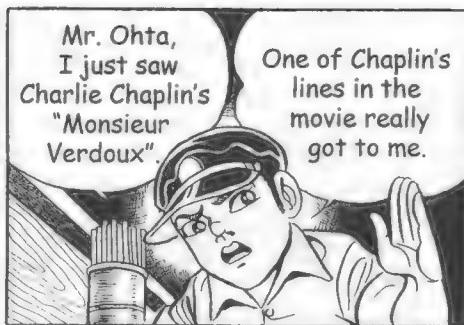
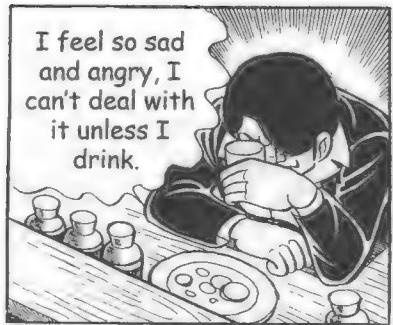
Signs: Taiyo Theater -- Now Showing: Charlie Chaplin in Monsieur Verdoux;  
Matoba Toho Theater -- Till the Day We Meet Again

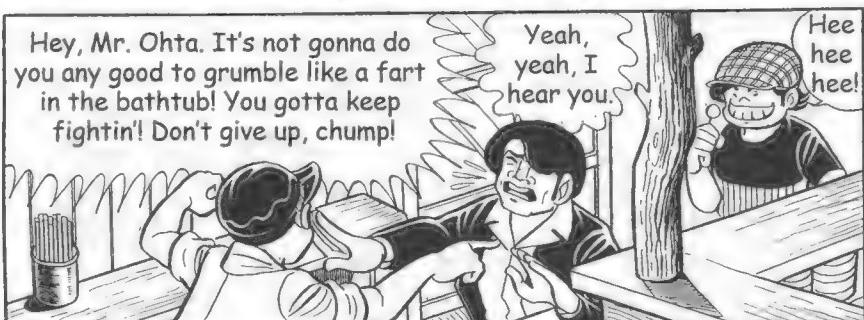
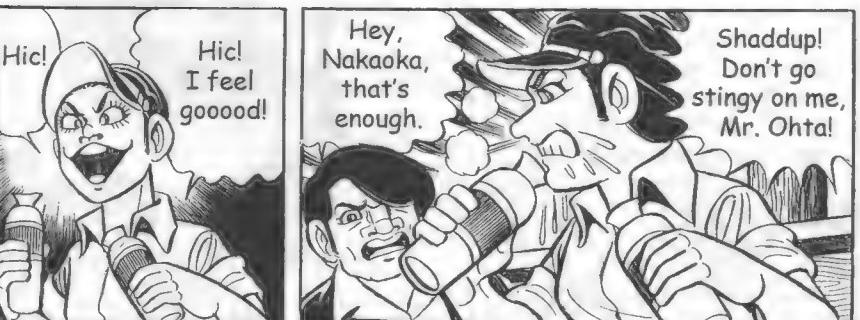


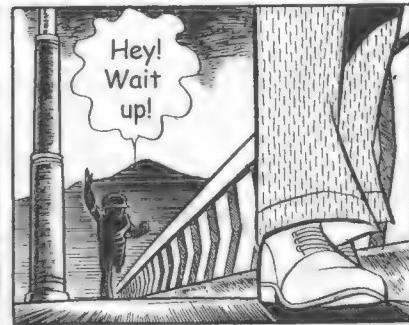
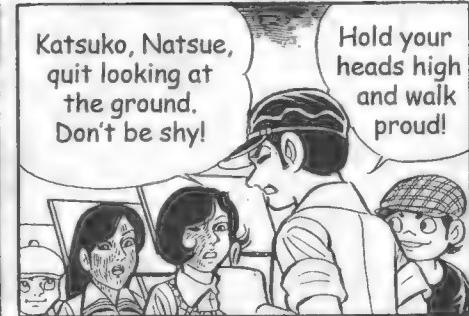
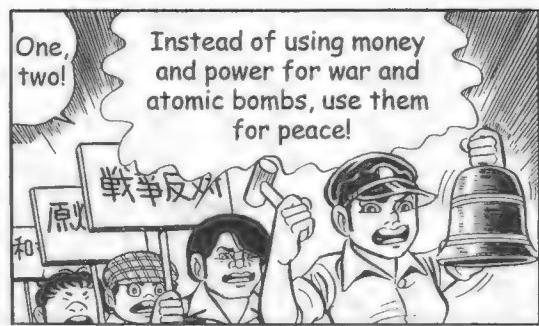
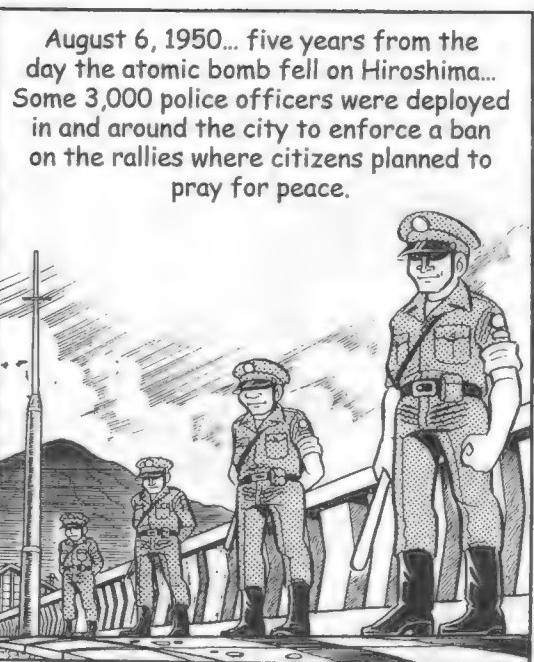
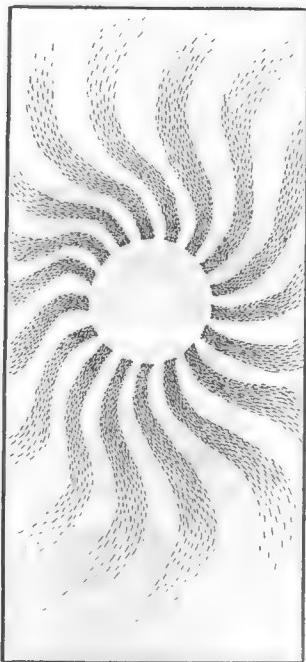


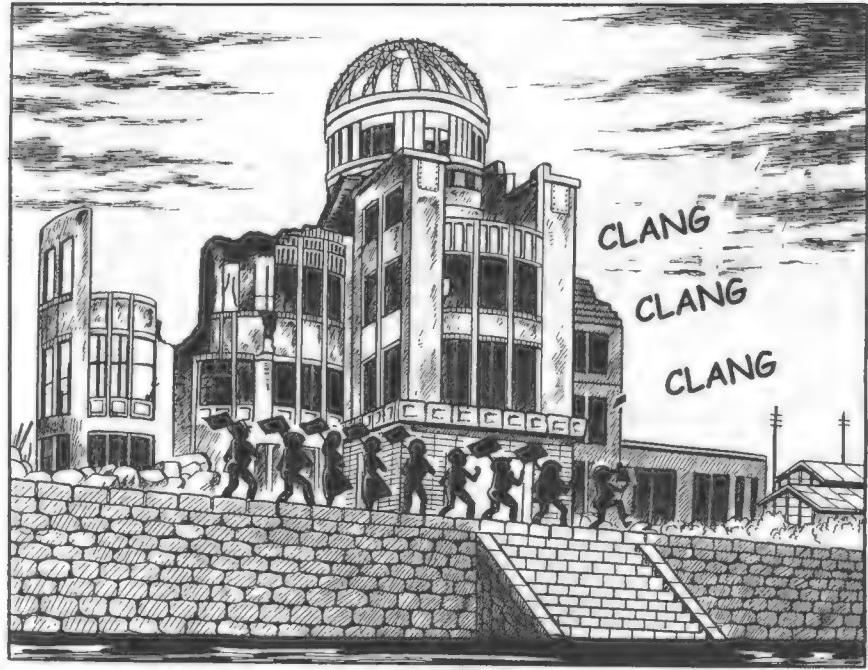








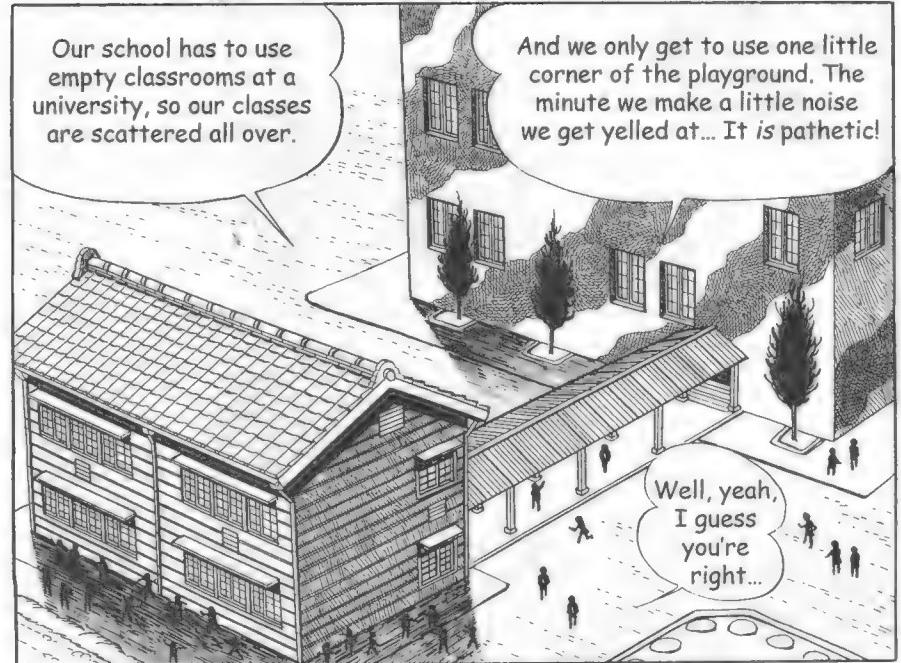
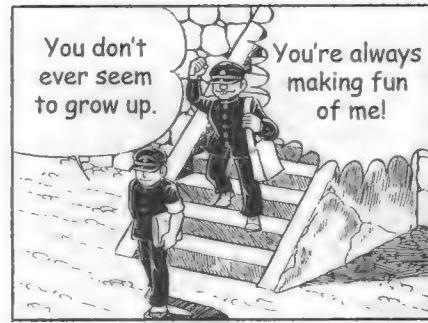
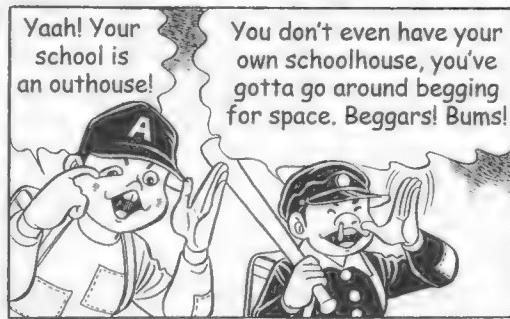
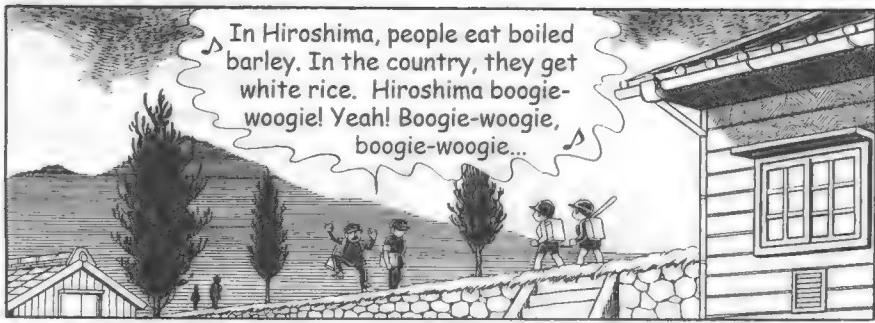


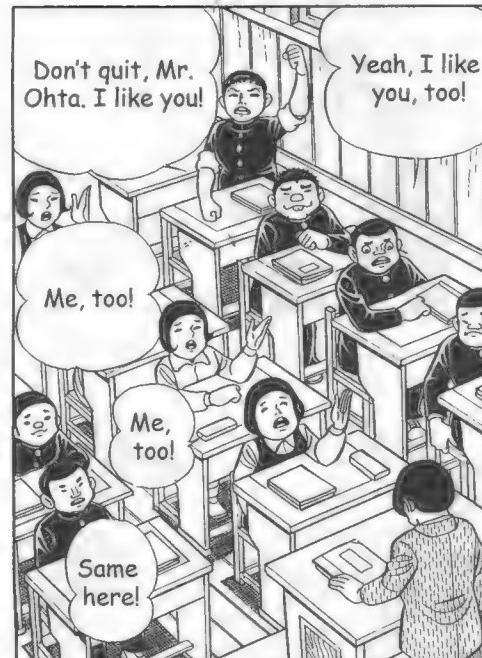
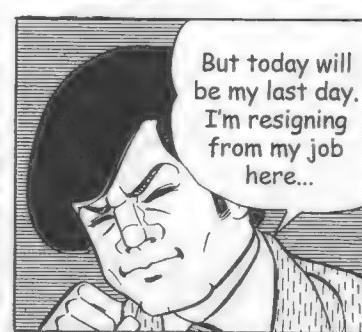
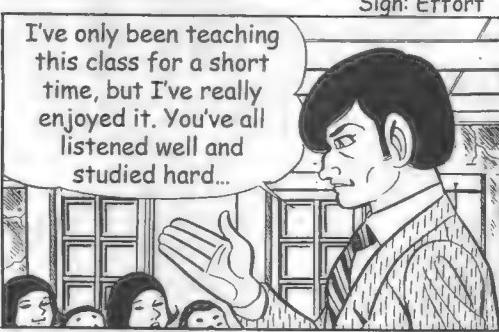


Before long, the National Police Reserve was renamed the Japan Self-Defense Forces. They were equipped with some of the most advanced weapons in the world, and became a permanent fixture in Japan.

Atomic bombs gave way to hydrogen bombs with even more horrific destructive power. More countries came to possess nuclear arms until there were enough to destroy the Earth seven times over. The world plunged onward into an age of insanity.

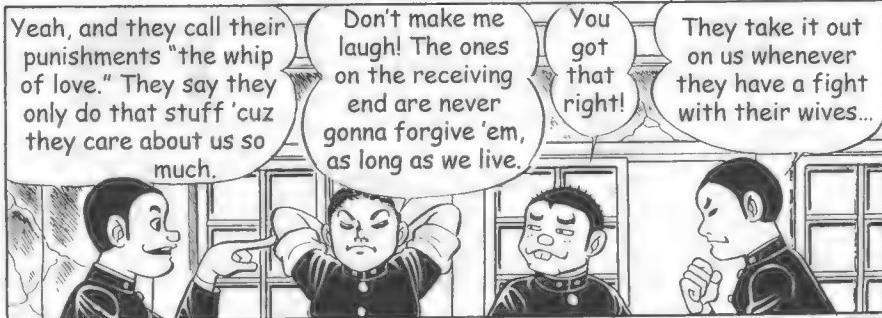
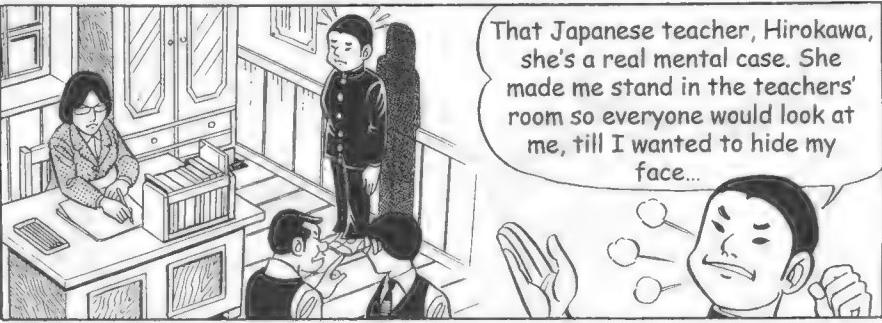
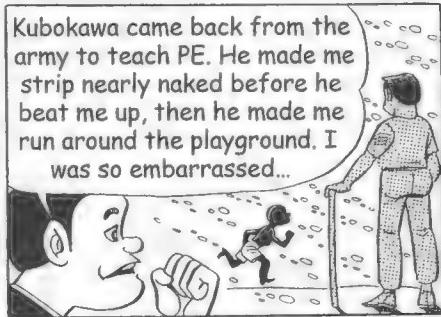


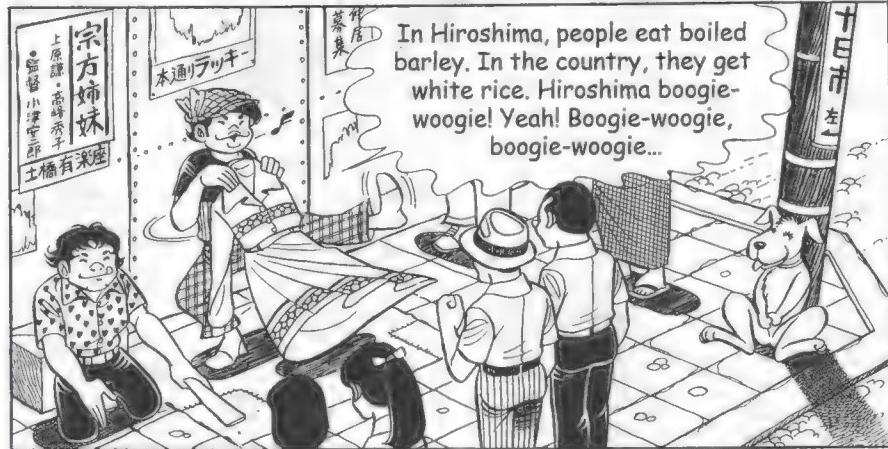
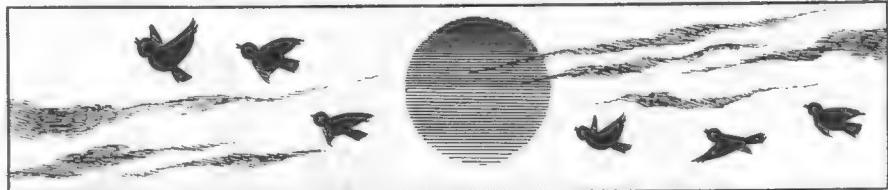
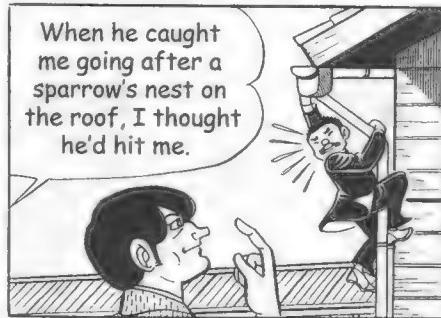
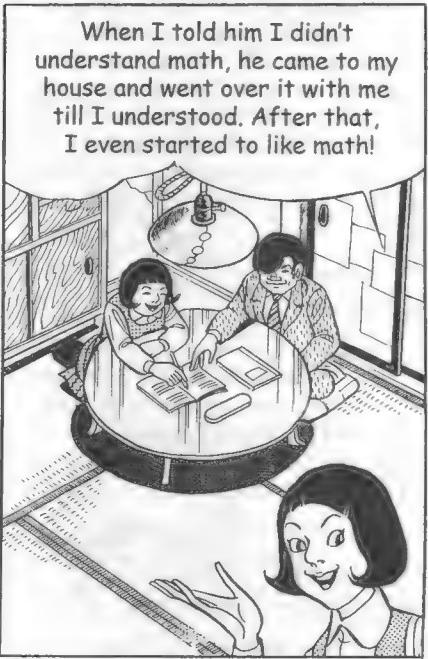
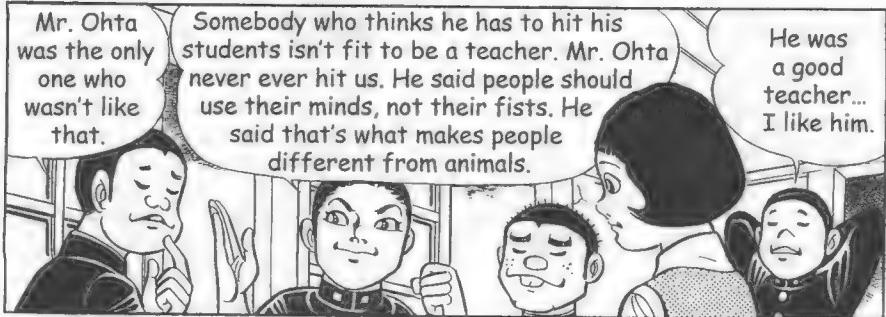




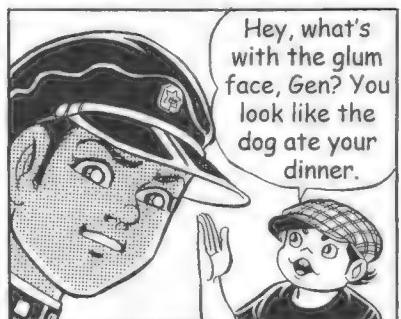
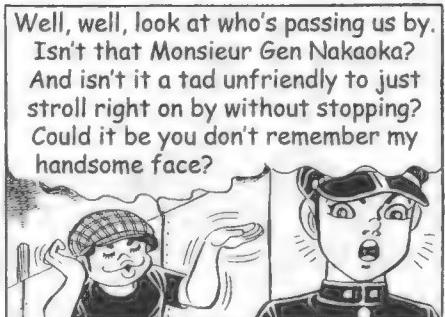
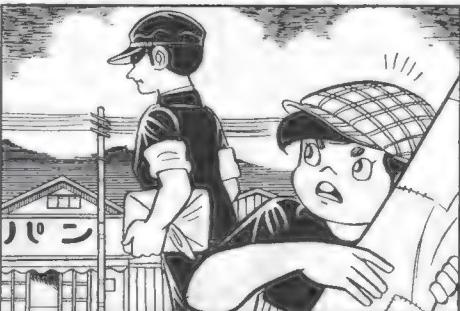
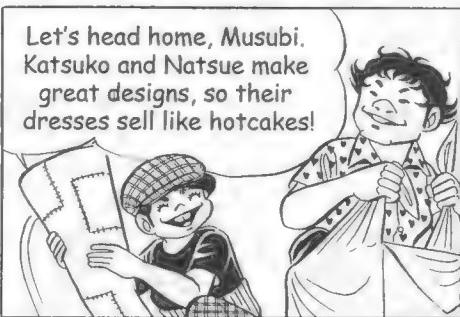
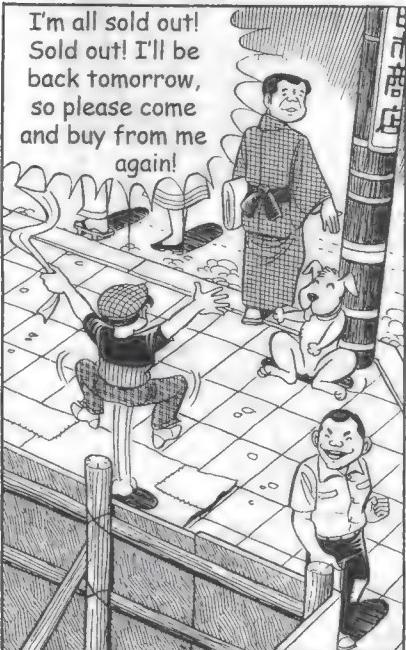
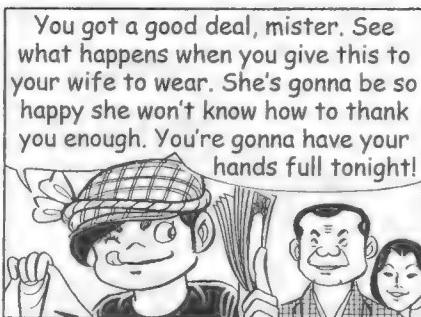
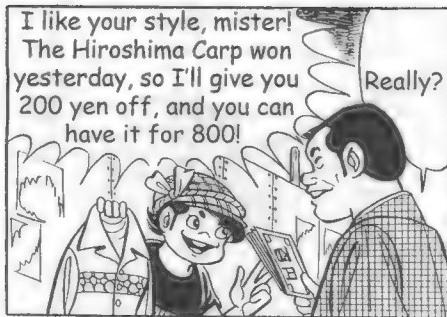


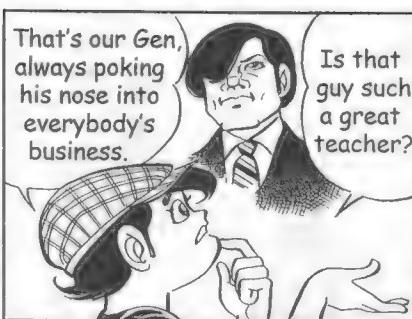
Think about how the other teachers treat us. Like the vocational ed guy, Katayama, who makes kids sit on an abacus the minute he thinks they have a "bad attitude." The abacus beads dig into your legs and hurt like hell...



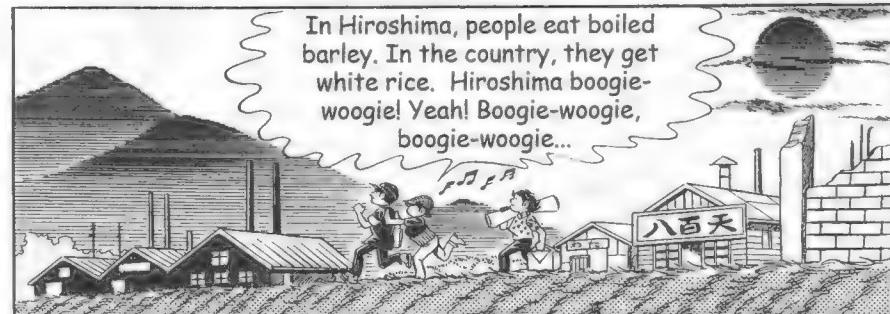
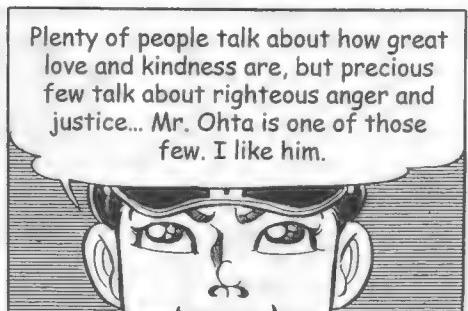
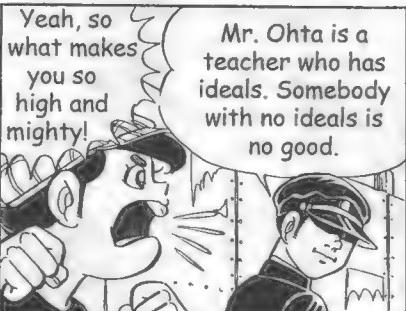


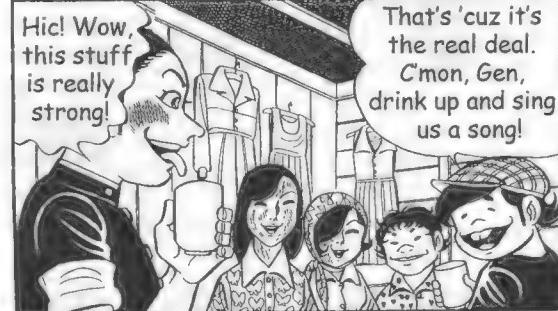
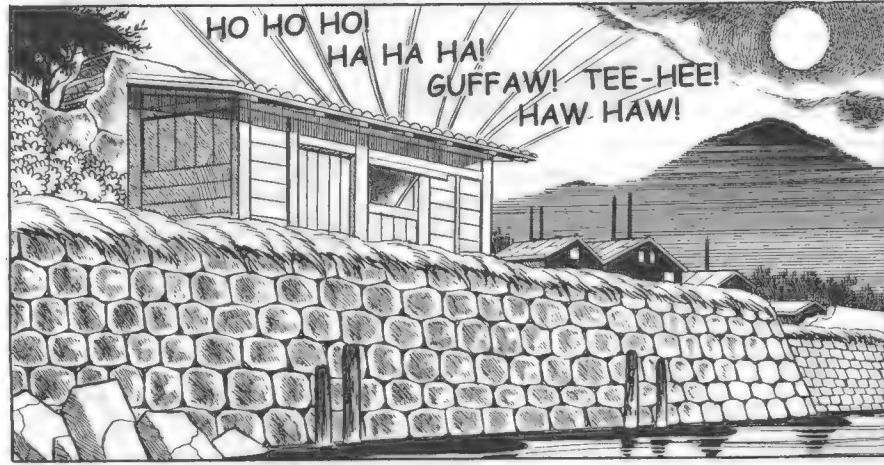
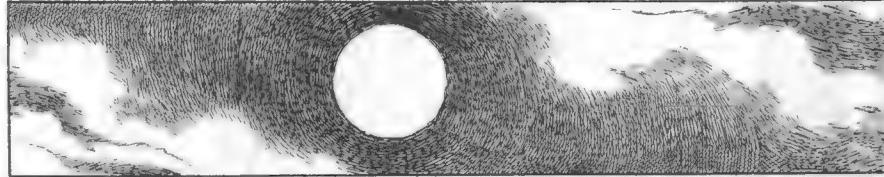
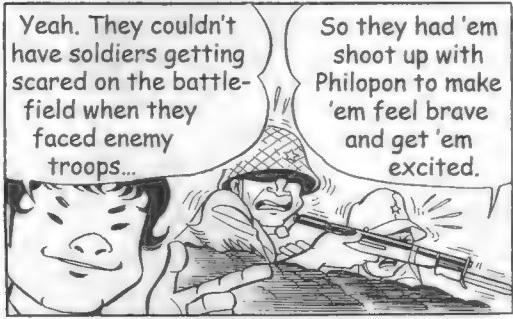
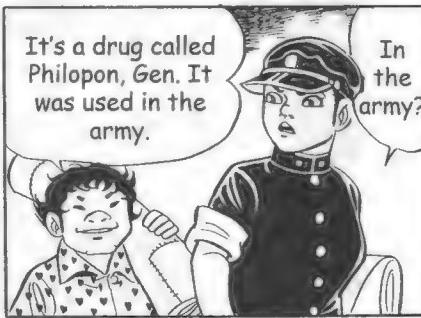
Poster: Munakata Sisters starring Ken Uehara & Hideko Takamine, directed by Yasujiro Ozu. Now showing at the Dobashi Yurakuza Theater

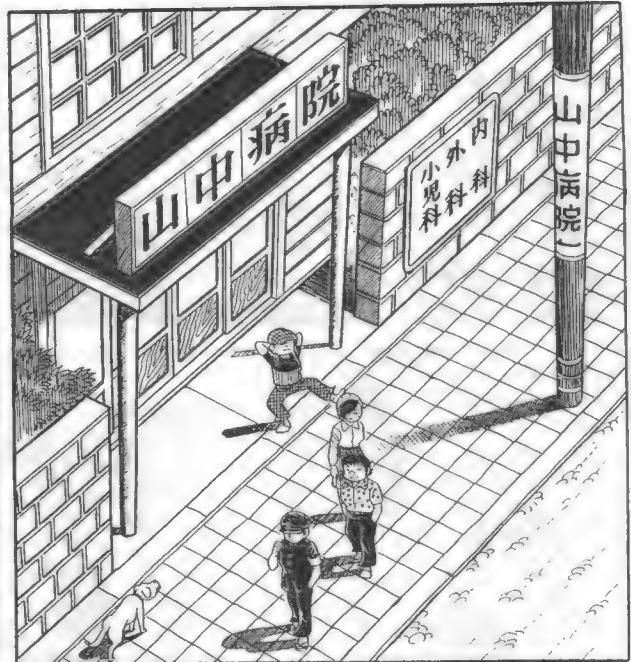
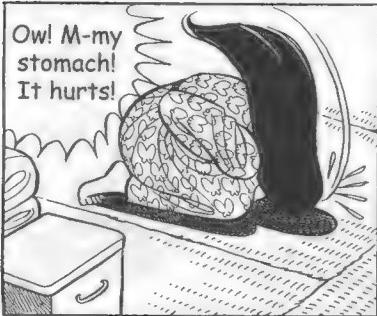
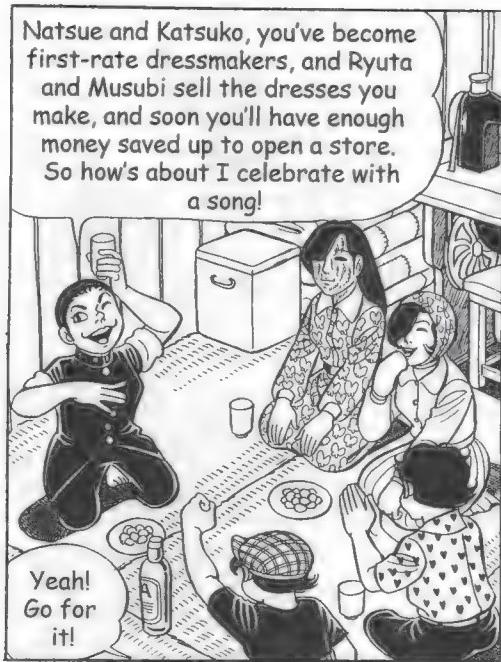


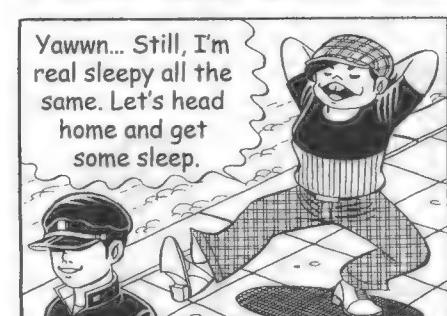
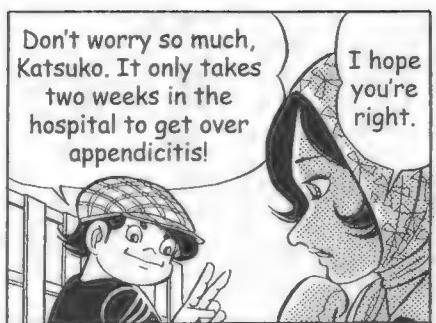
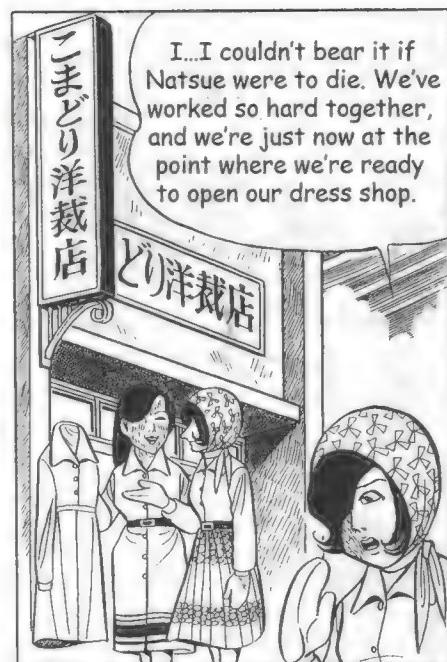
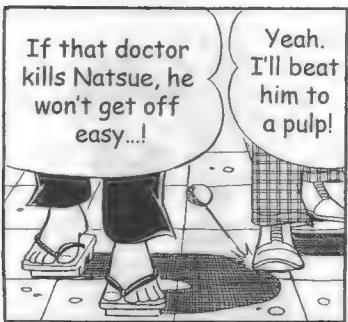
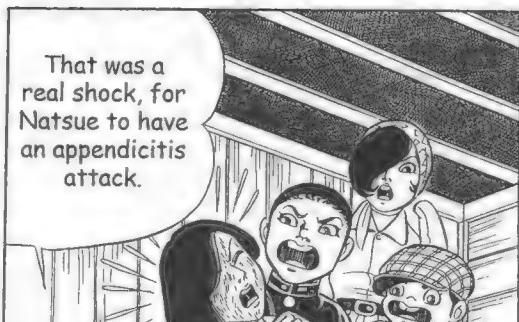
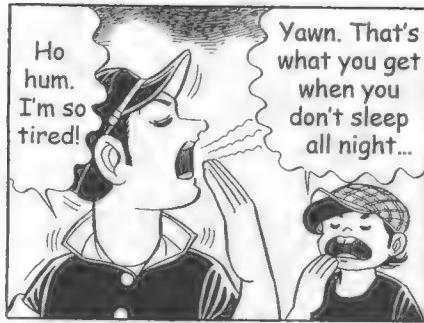


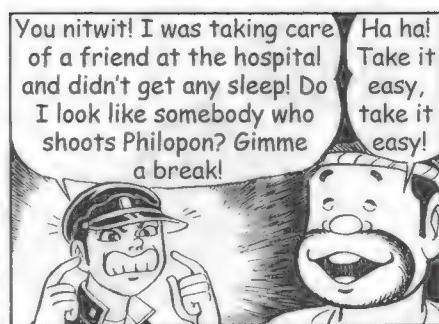
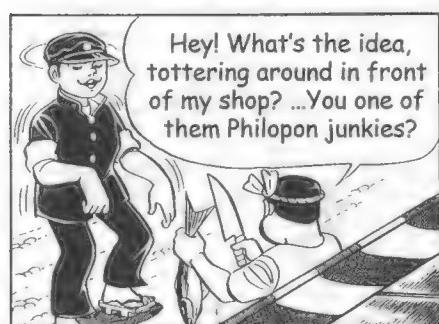
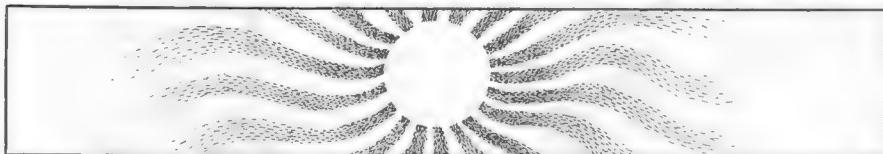
If I had a teacher as beautiful as Fujiko Yamamoto, winner of the first-ever Miss Japan contest, this very year! -- AND she was always kissing me and telling me how she loves me -- THEN I'd do whatever I could to stop her from quitting...





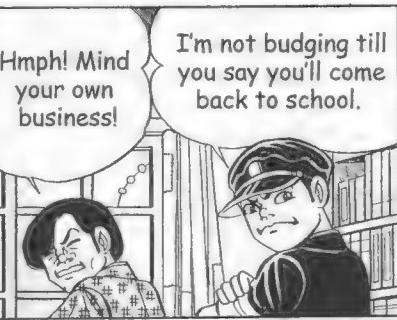
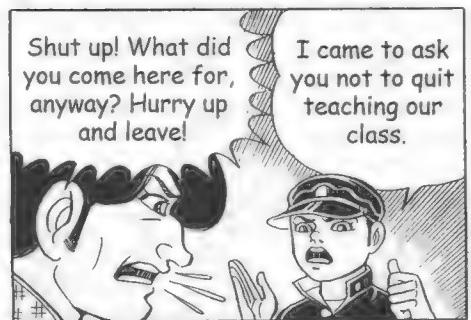
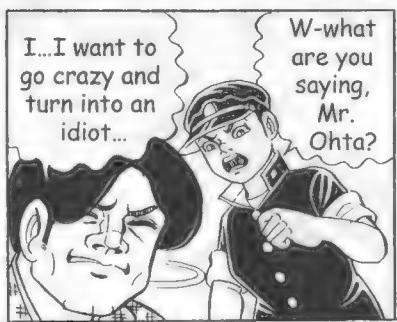
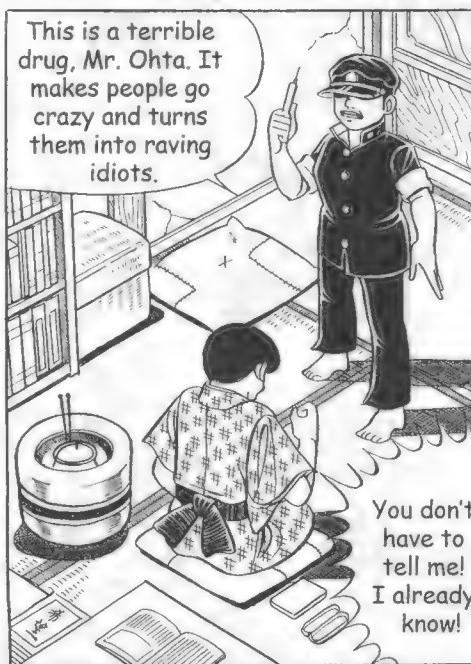
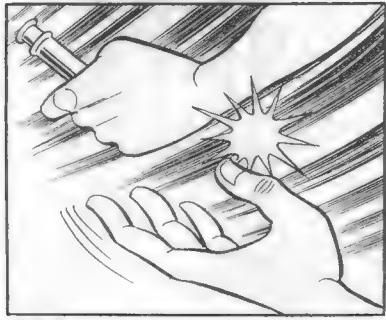
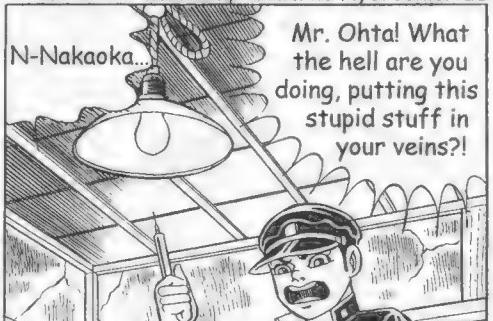


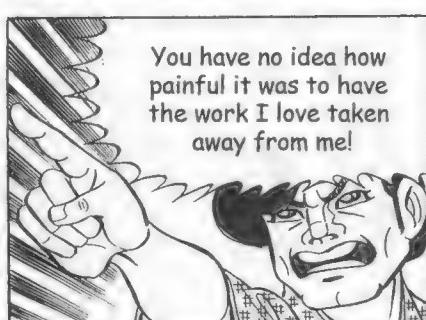
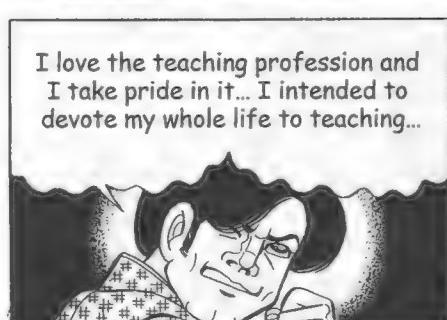
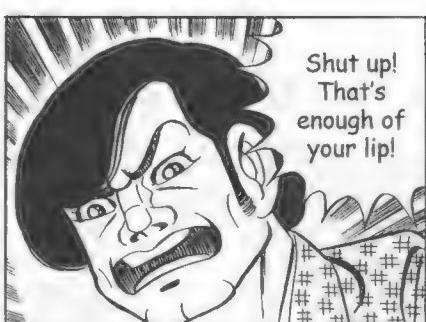
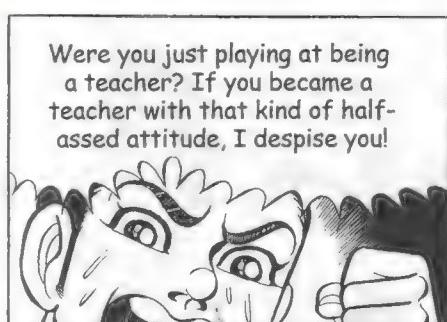
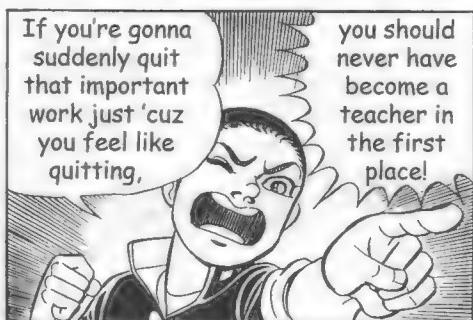
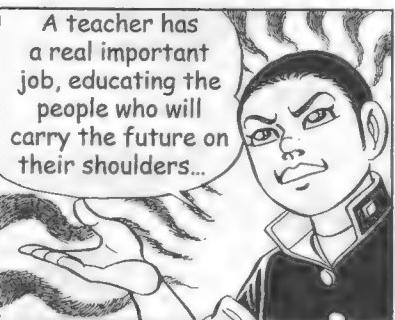
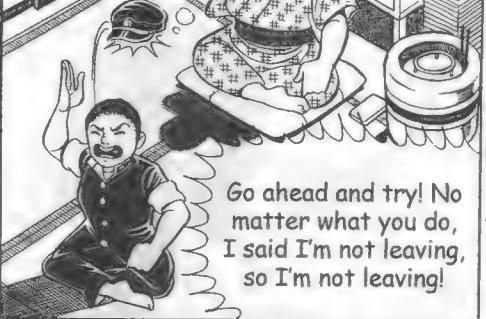
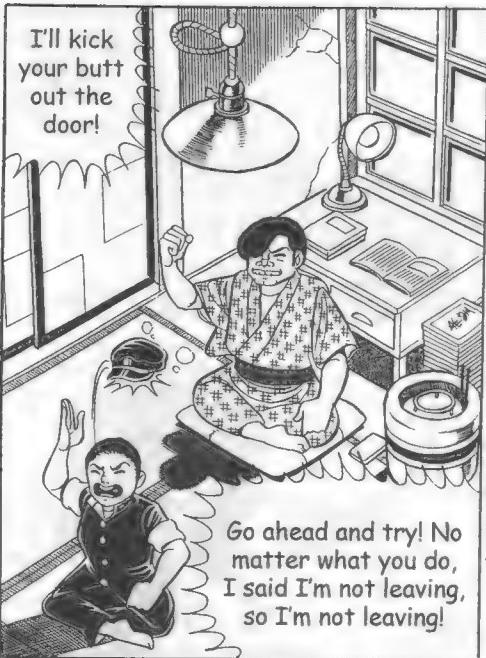


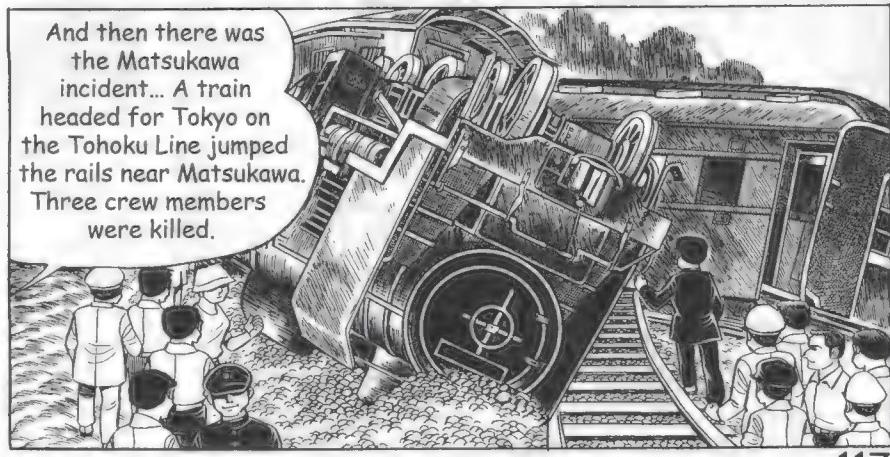
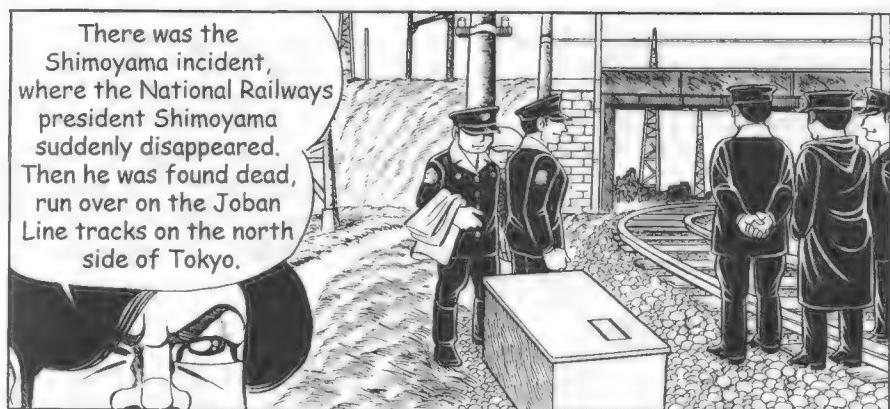
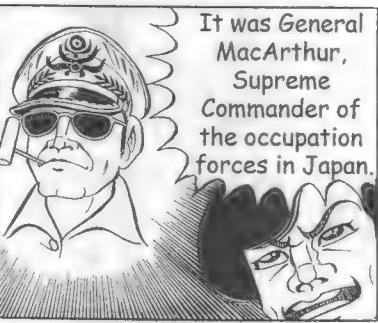
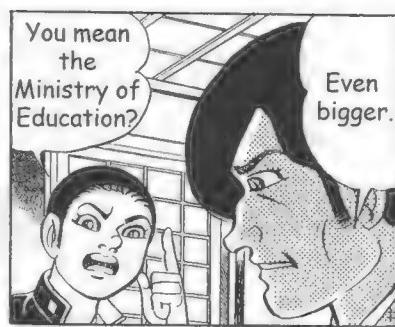


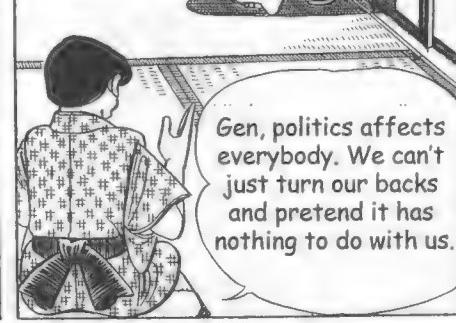
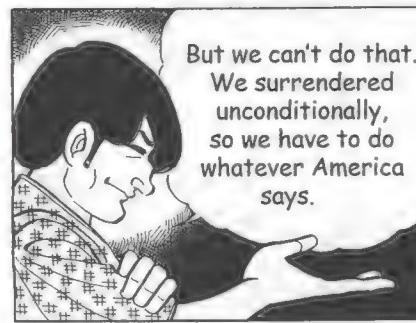
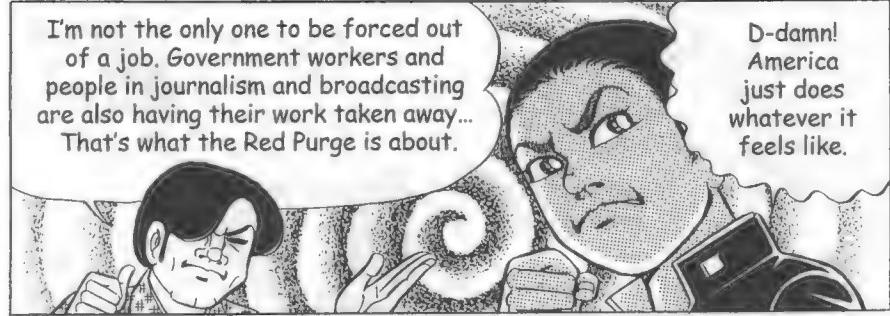
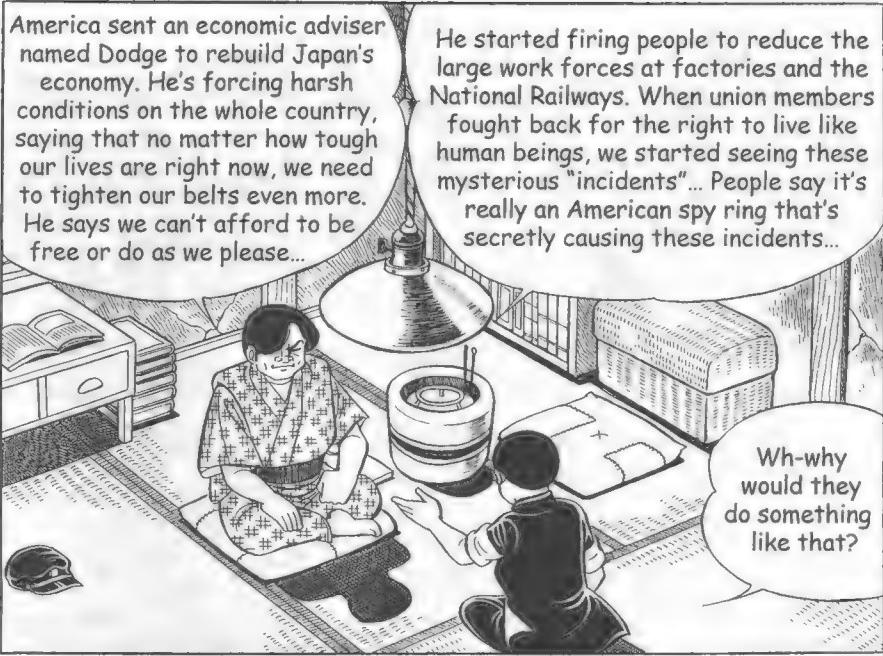


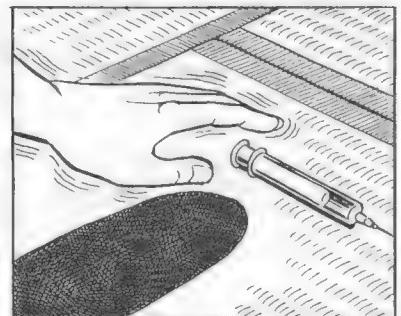
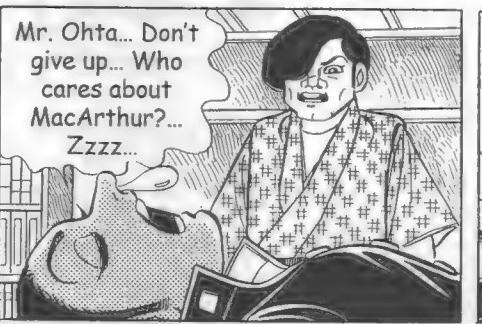
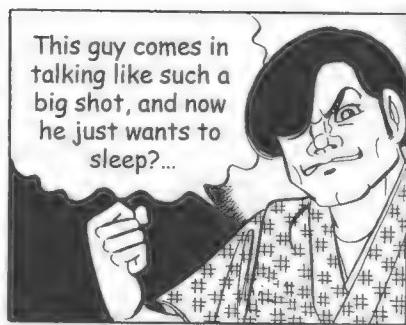
Box: PHILOPON Methamphetamine Hydrochloride

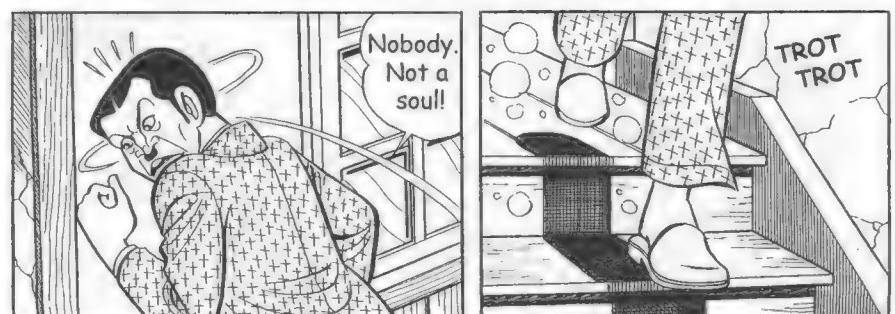
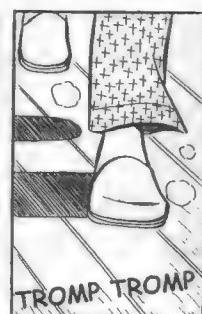
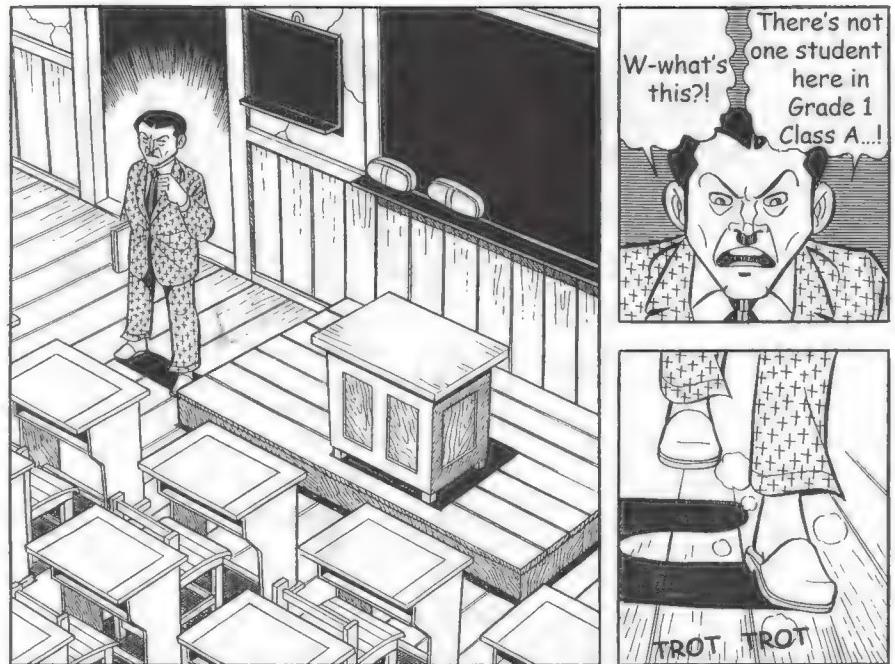
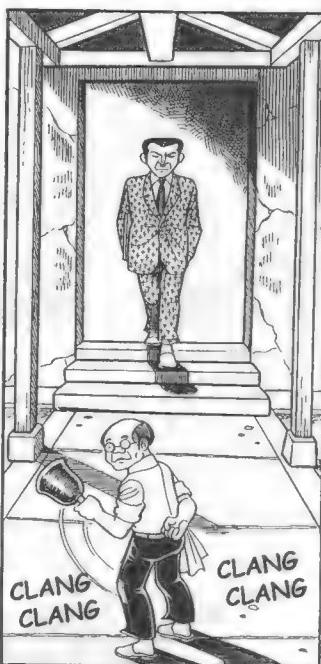
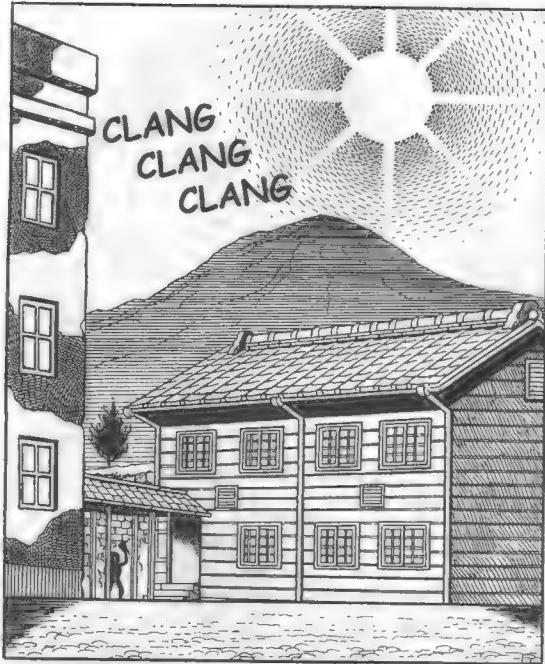


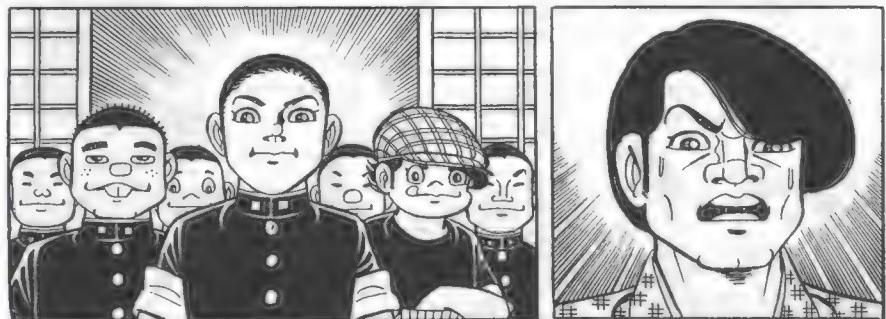
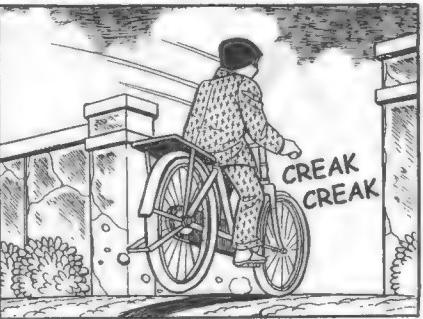
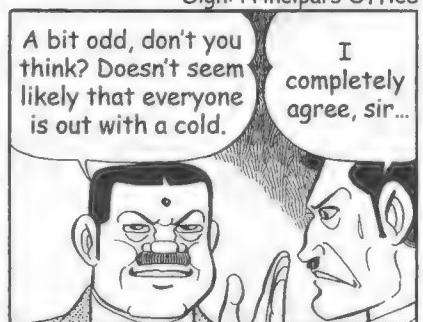
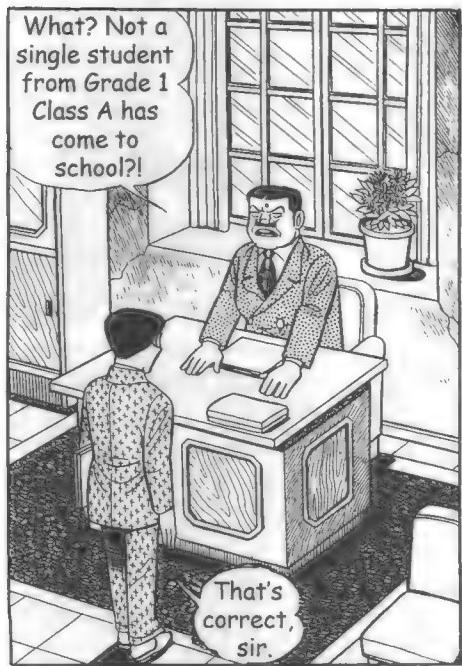


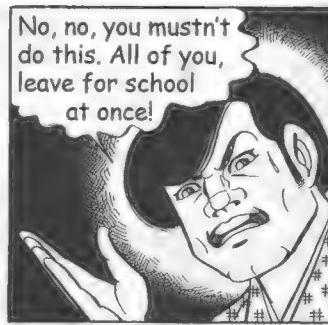










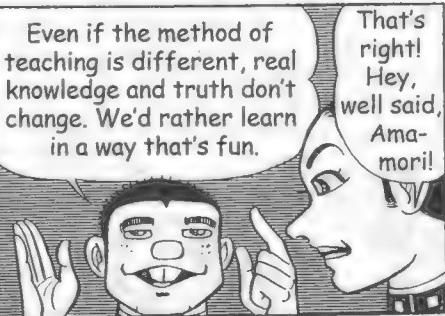
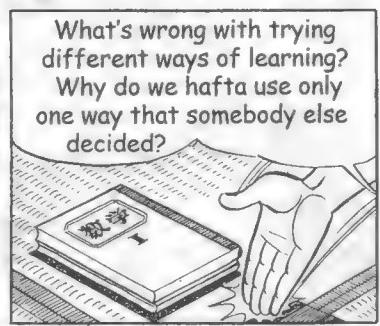
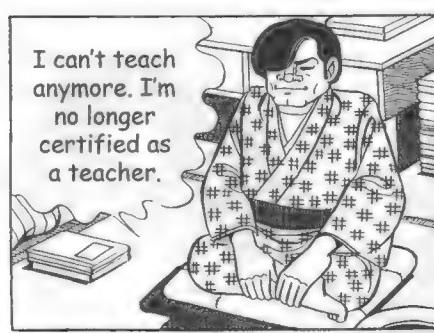


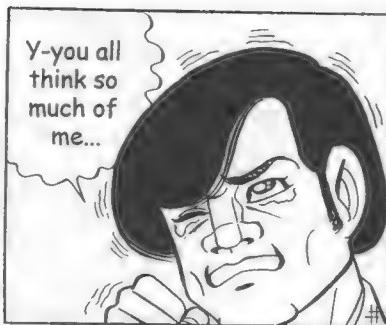
That's right!

Why should we have to study from boring textbooks that make no sense to us?

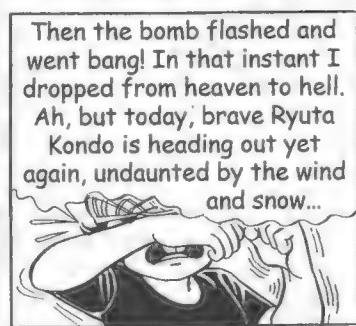
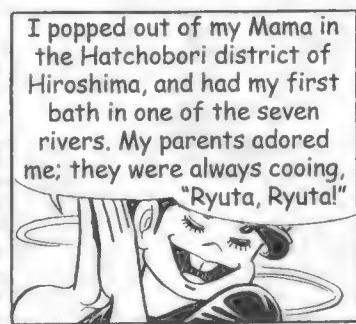
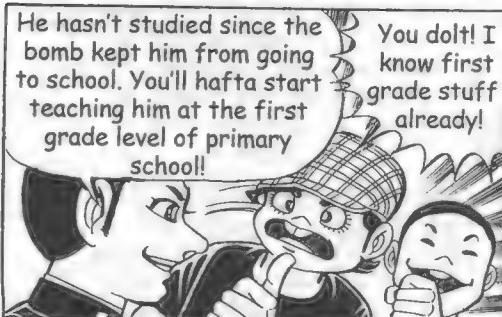
Adults make all these decisions without asking us anything.

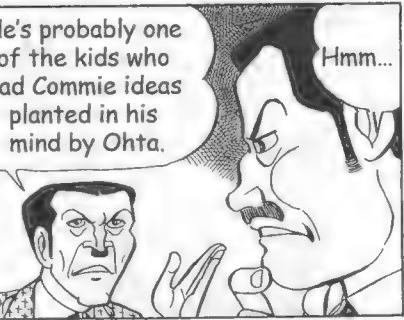
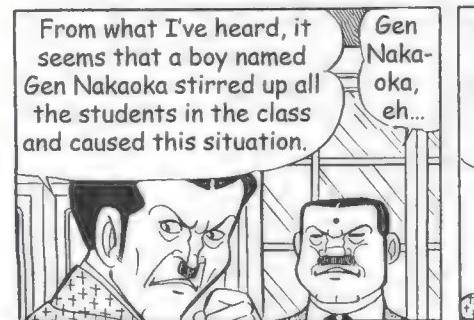
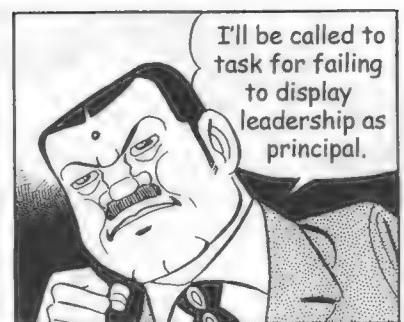
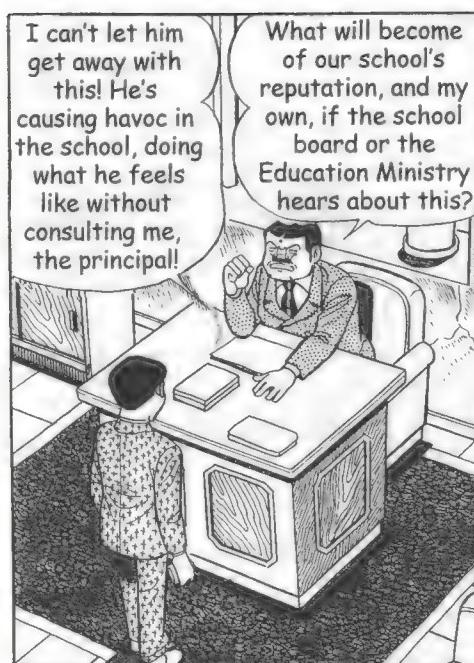
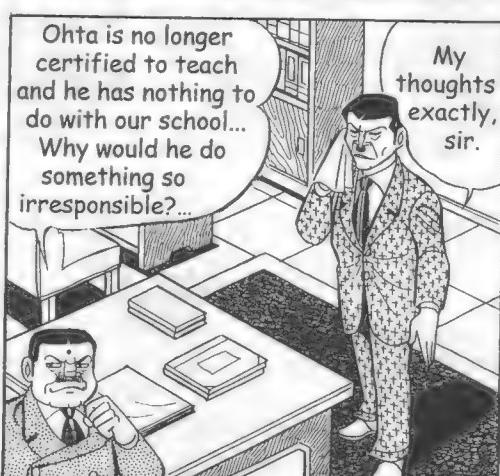
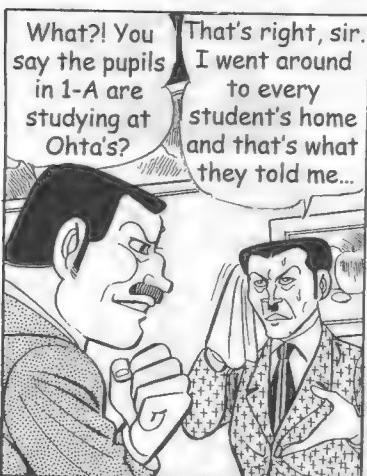
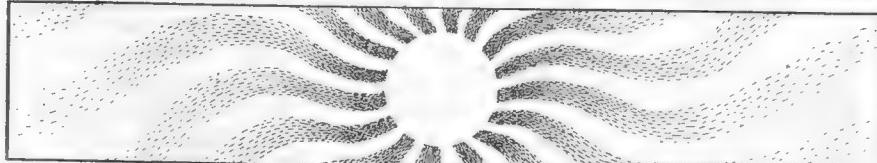
Title: Mathematics I

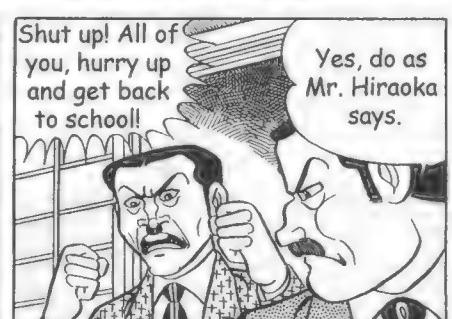
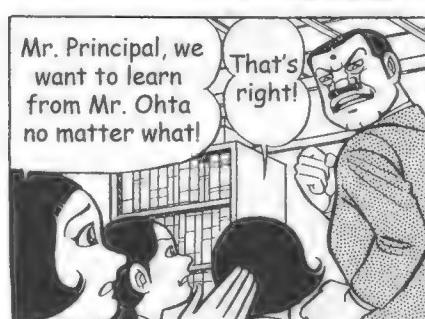
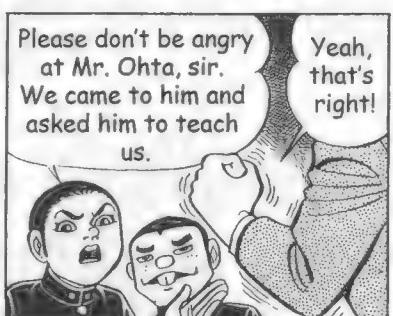
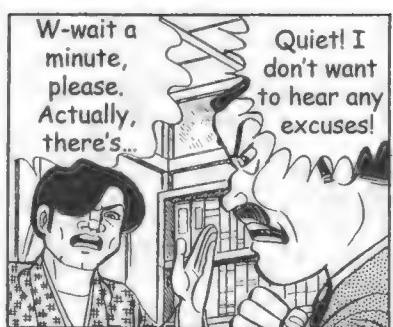
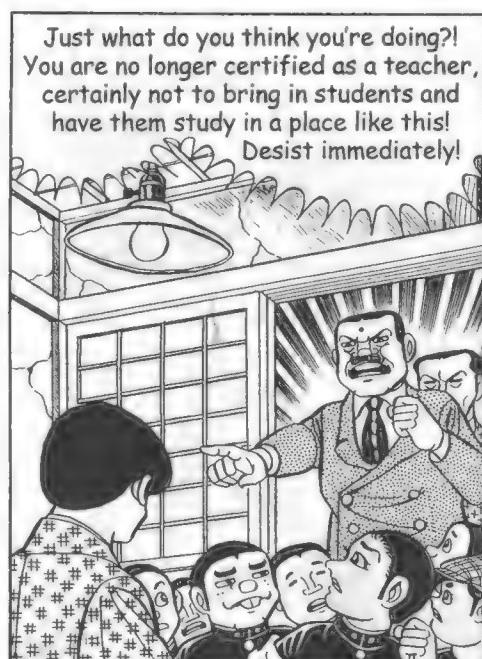


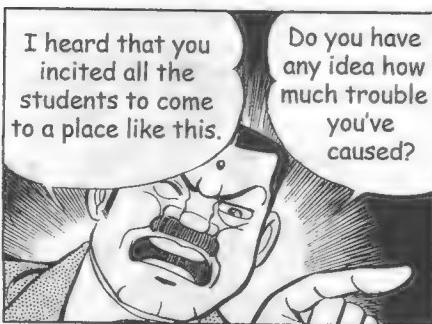
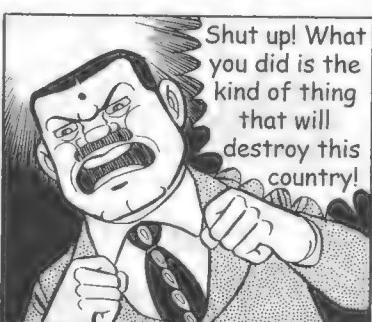


Envelope: Monthly pay





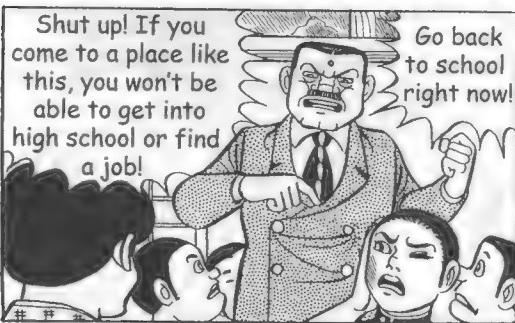




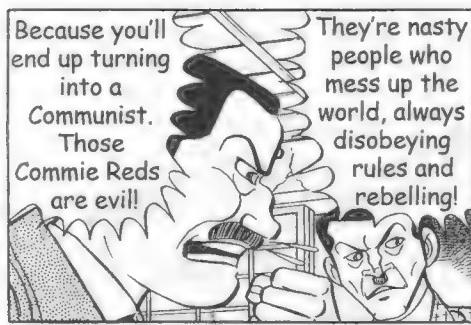
Do you have  
any idea how  
much trouble  
you've  
caused?



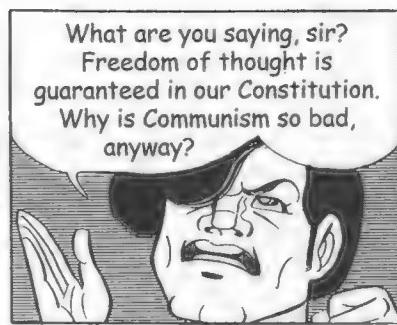
No, he didn't.  
We thought of  
it ourselves!



Go back  
to school  
right now!



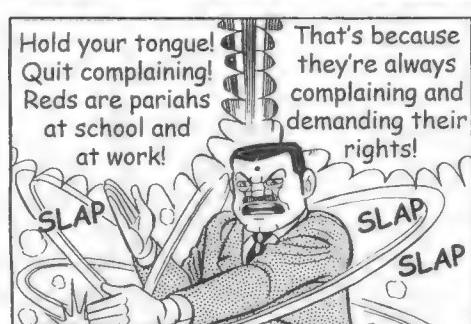
They're nasty  
people who  
mess up the  
world, always  
disobeying  
rules and  
rebelling!



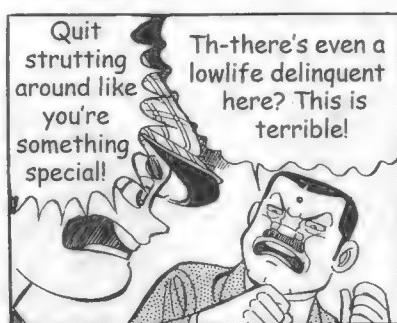
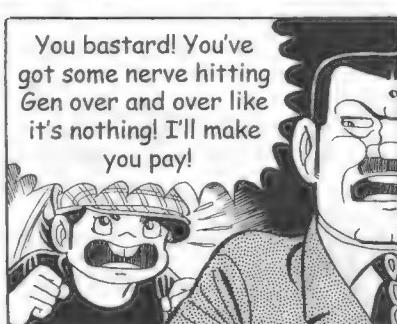
I hate  
Reds!

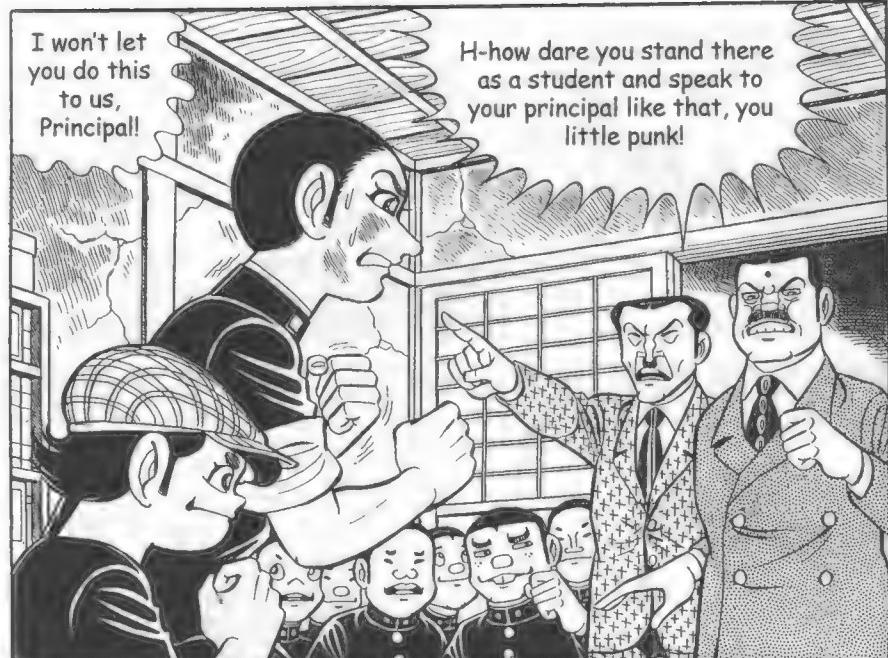
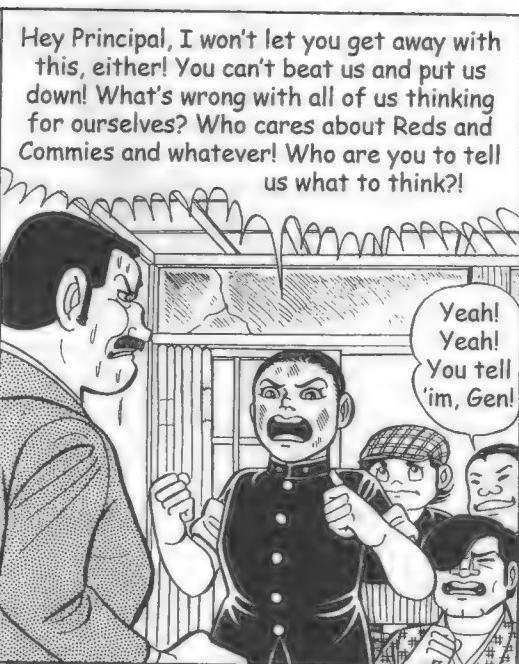
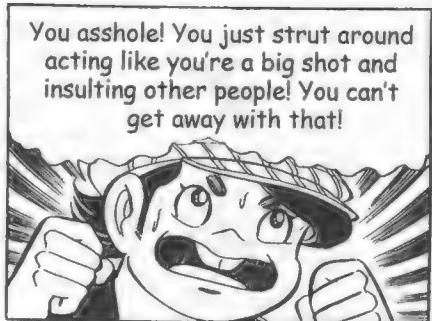
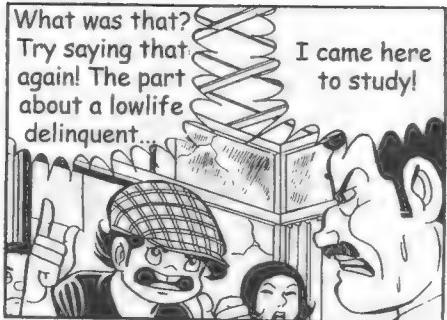


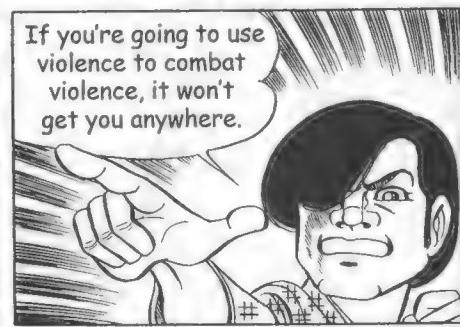
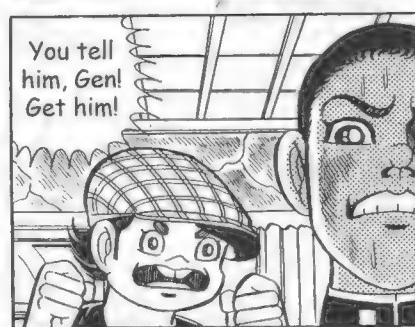
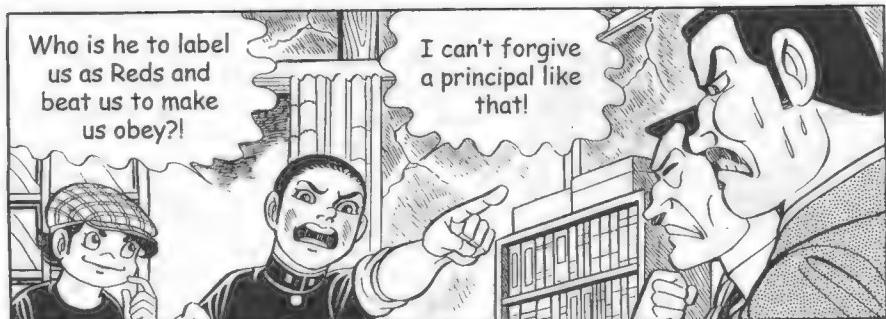
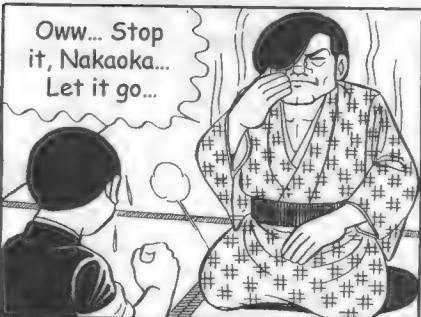
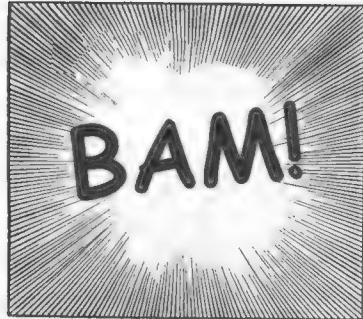
We're just  
doing what  
we need to  
improve  
ourselves!

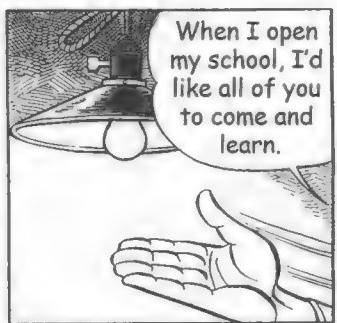
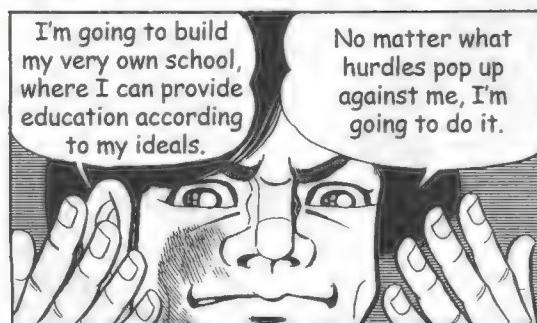
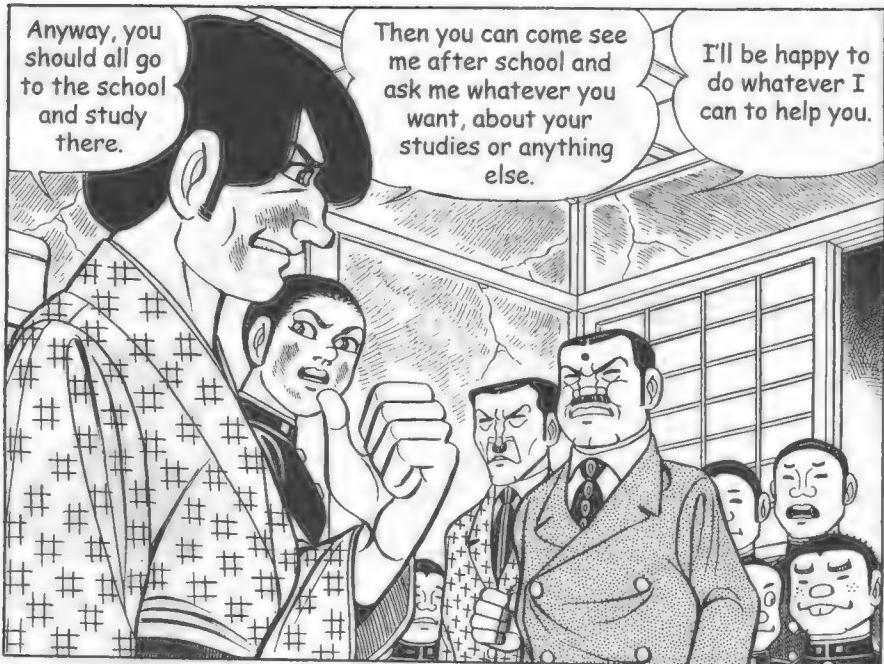


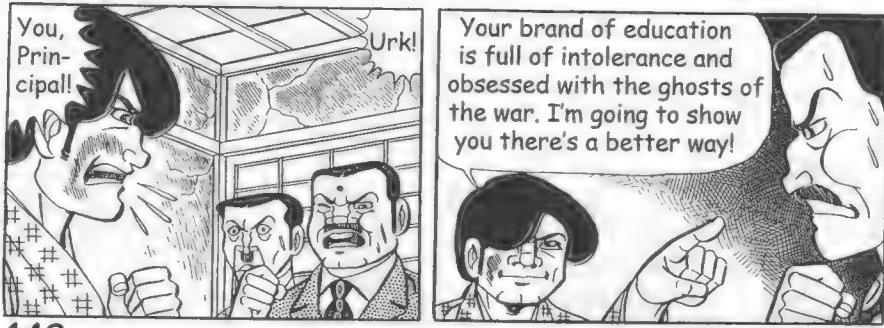
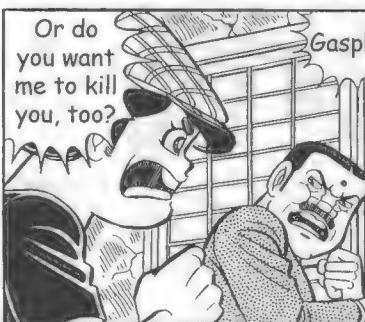
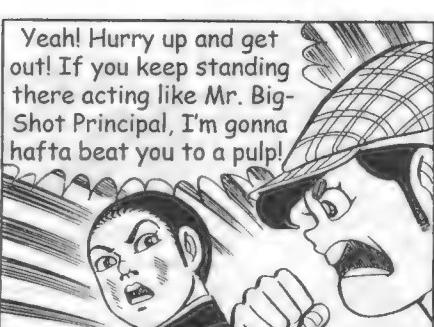
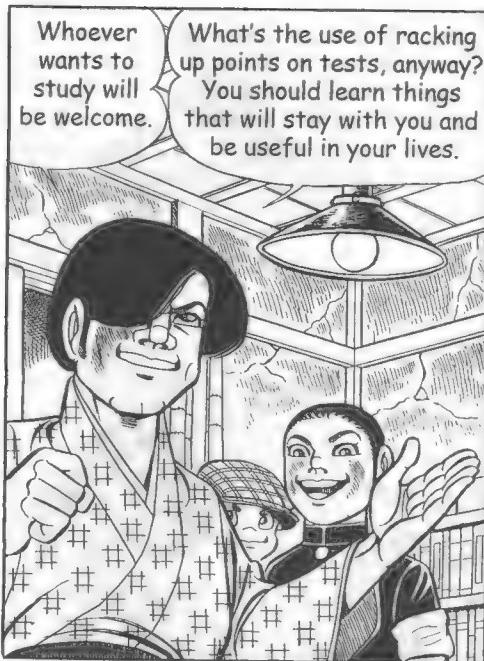
That's because  
they're always  
complaining and  
demanding their  
rights!

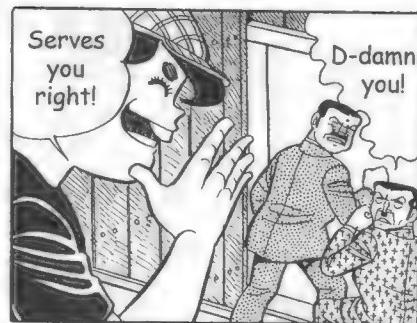


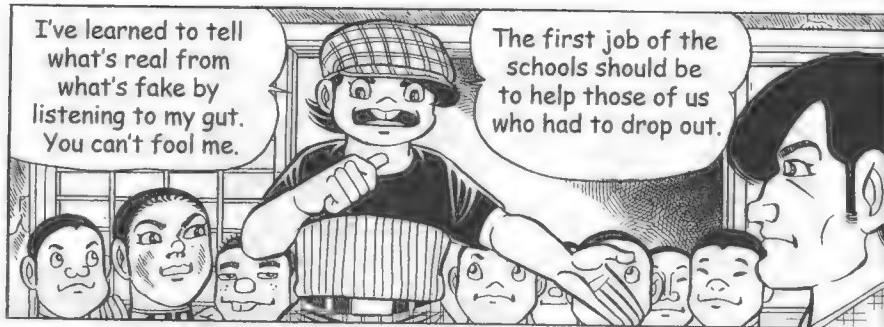


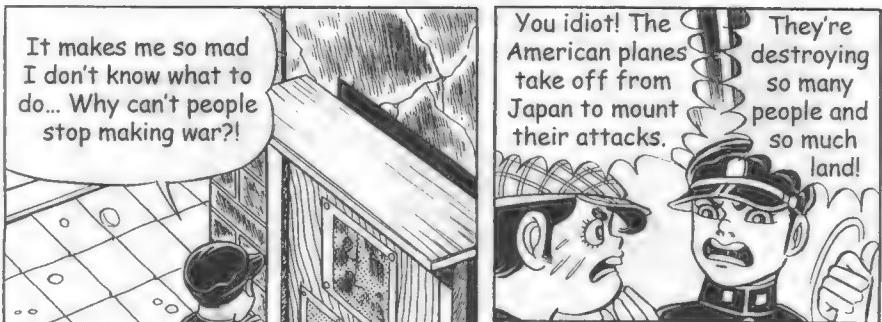






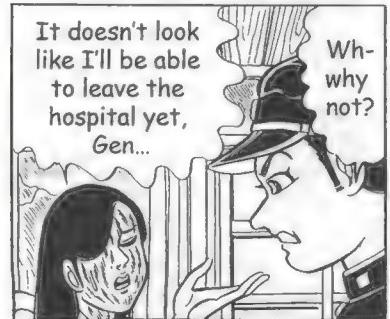
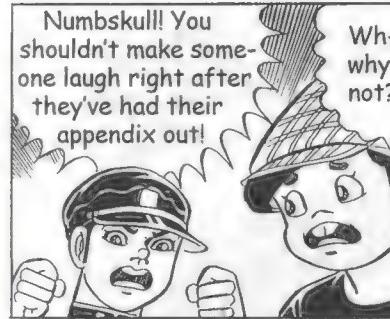
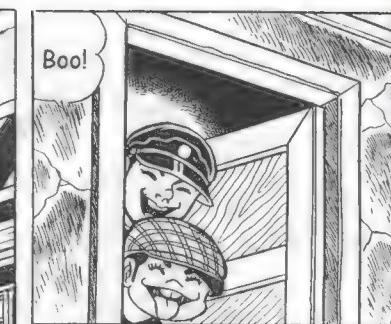


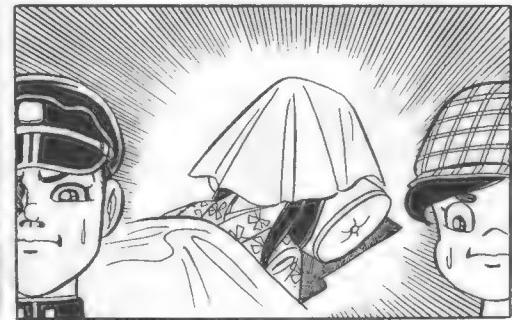
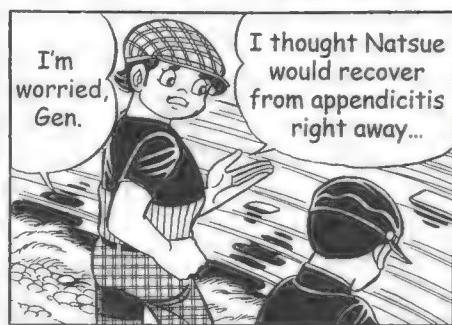
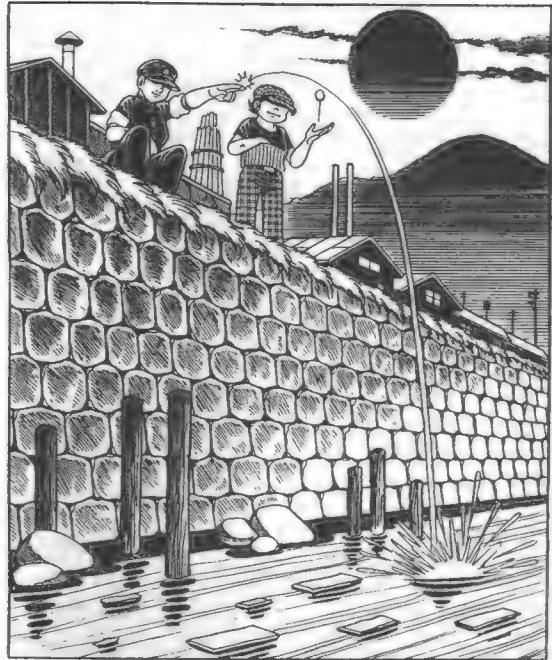






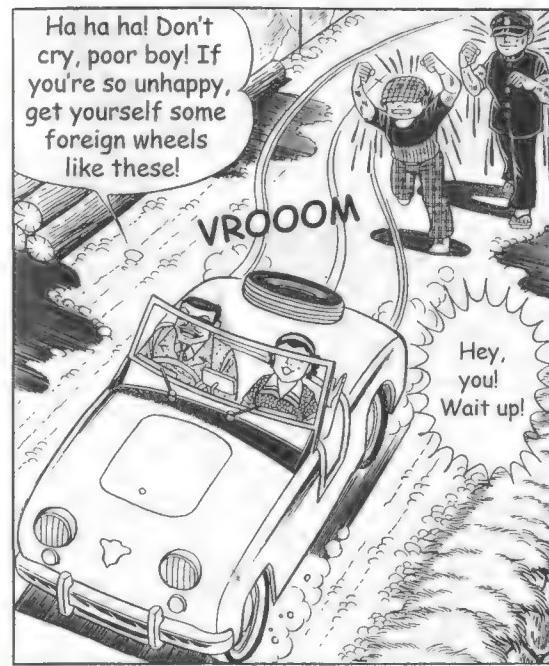
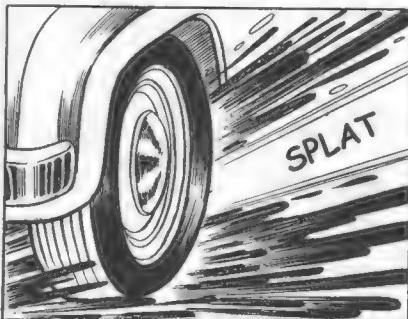
Sign: Yamanaka Hospital





But she was exposed to the A-bomb... and the radiation causes all kinds of diseases... If Natsue dies, Katsuko'll be so sad. And the two of them were just getting ready to open their dress shop...





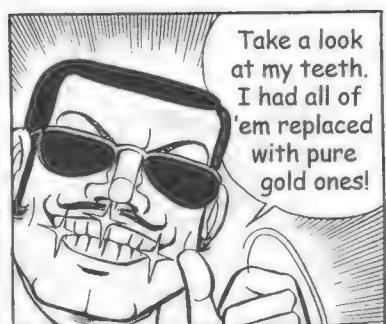
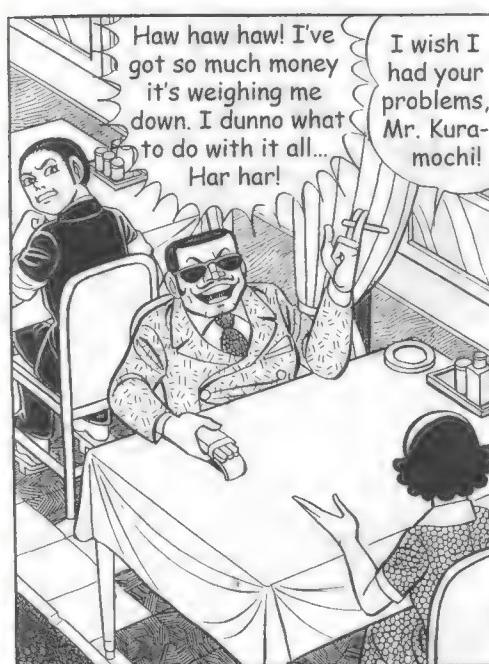


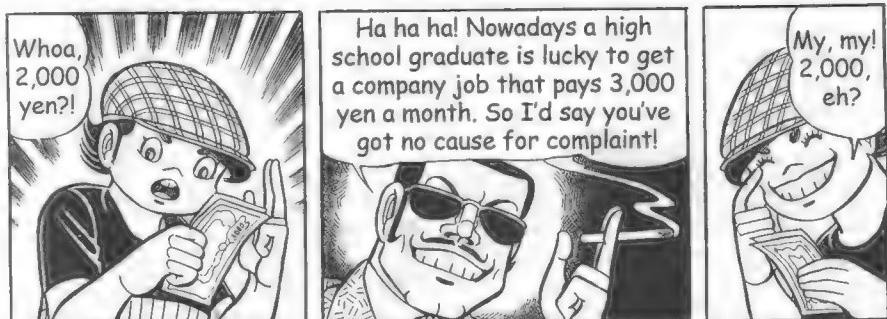
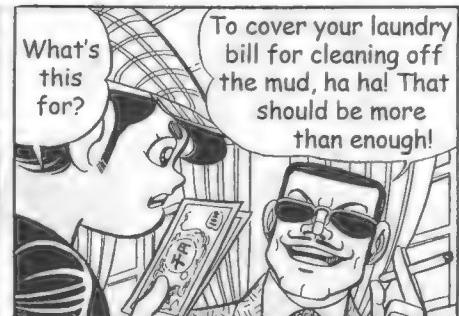
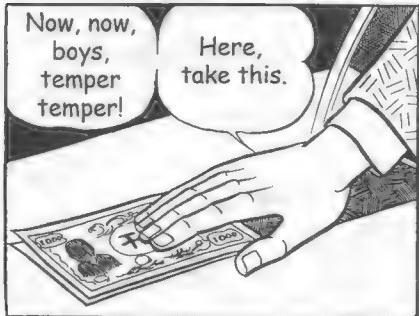
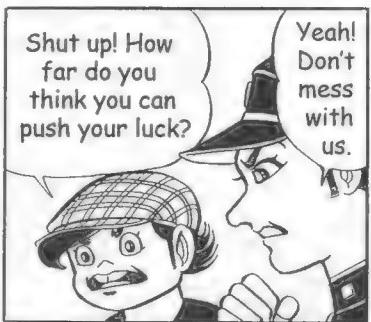
Signpost: Hon-dori Shopping District

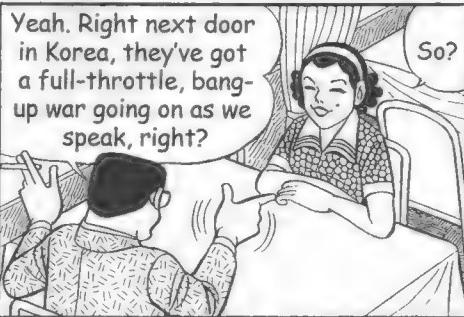
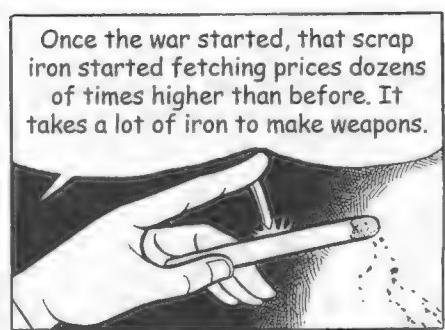
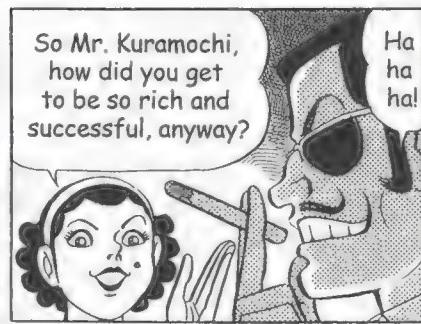


Sign on roof: Kirin Beer



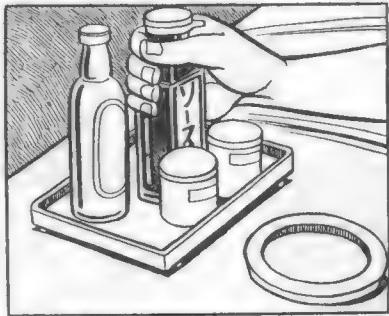
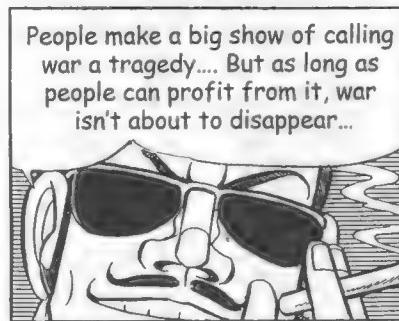






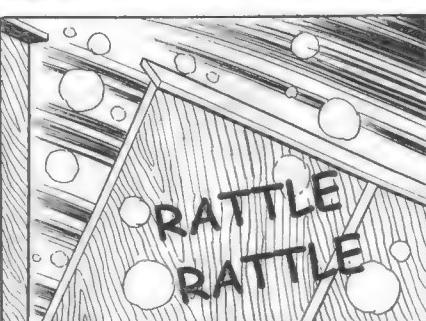
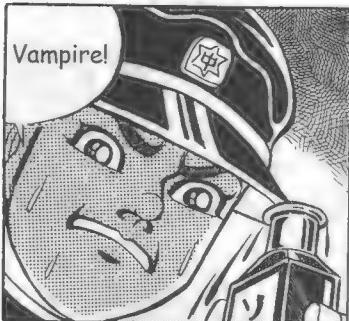


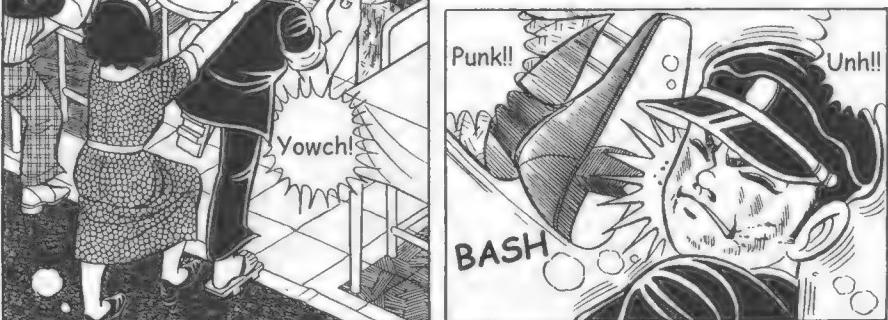
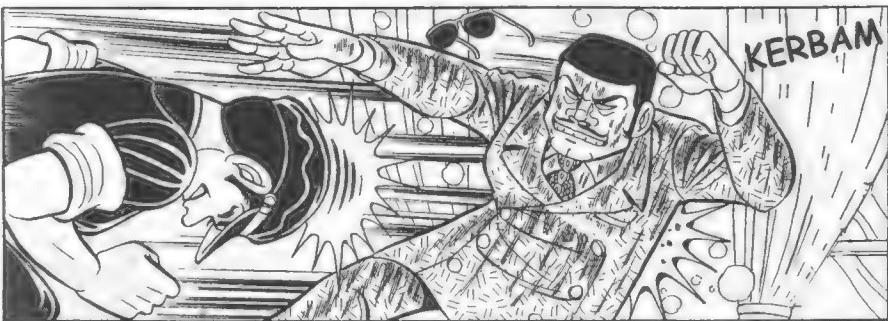
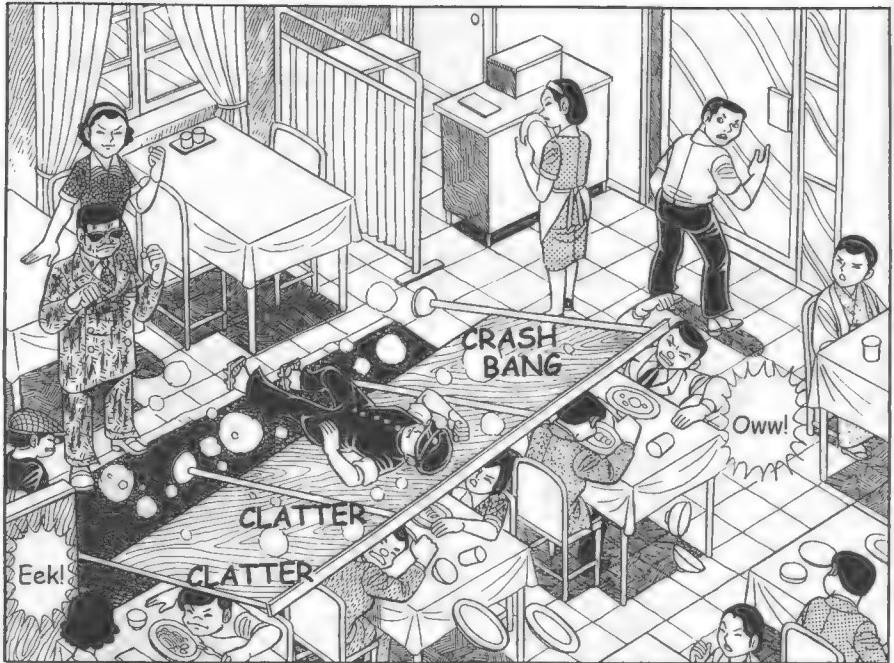
164

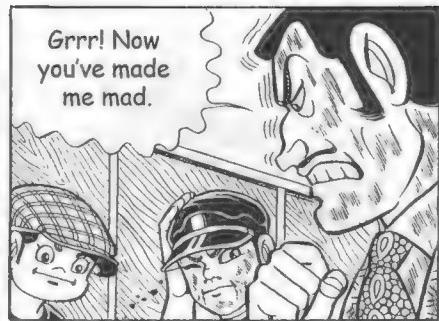


Label: Sauce

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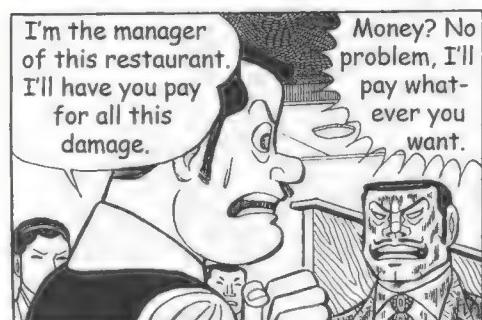
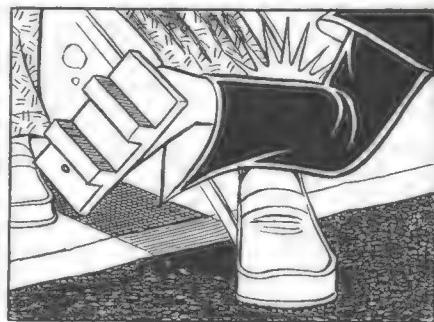
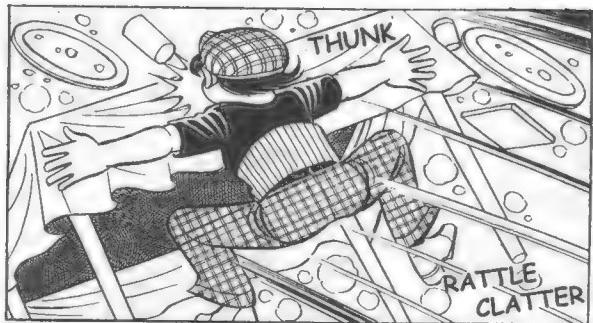




There was a time when I led troops against the enemy in Manchuria. I cut down every Chinese in my path!

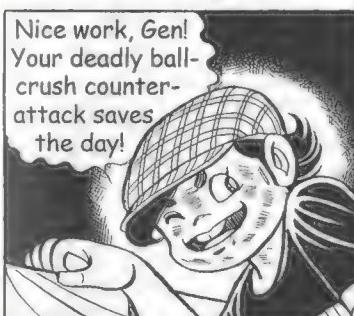
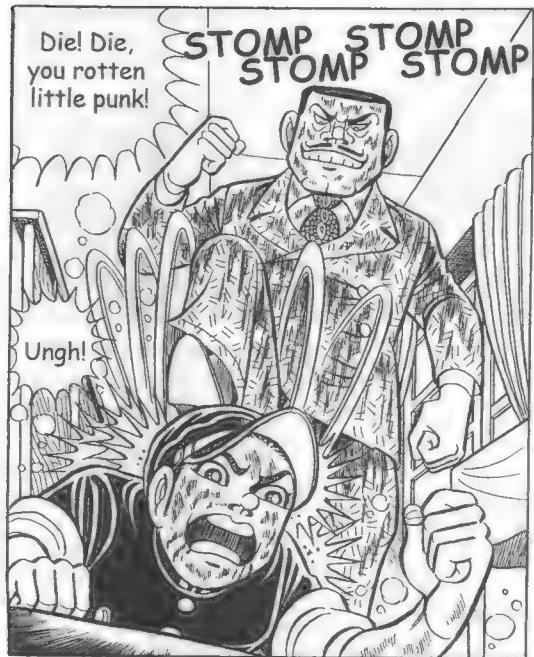
I turned the earth red with blood... And now you've gone and riled Sergeant Yuzo Kuramochi, the Demon of Manchuria!

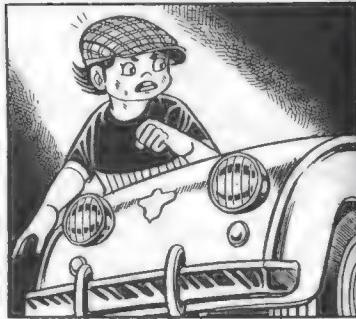
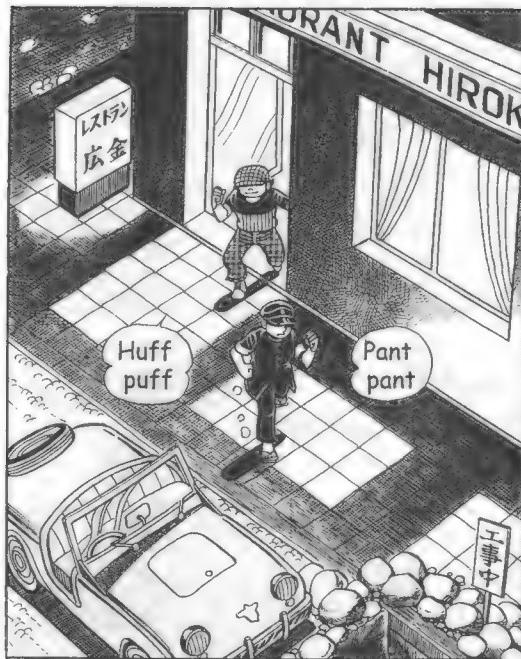




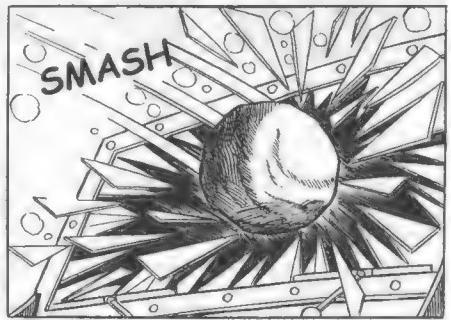
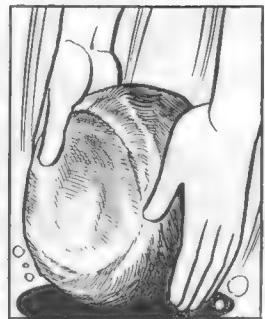
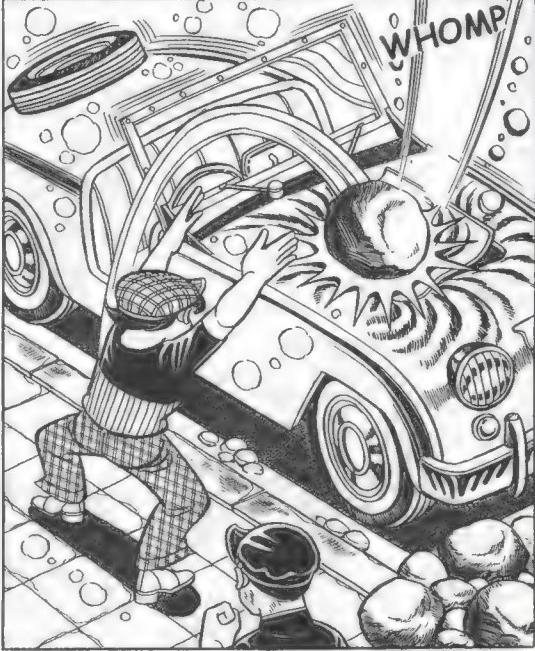
Money? No problem, I'll pay whatever you want.

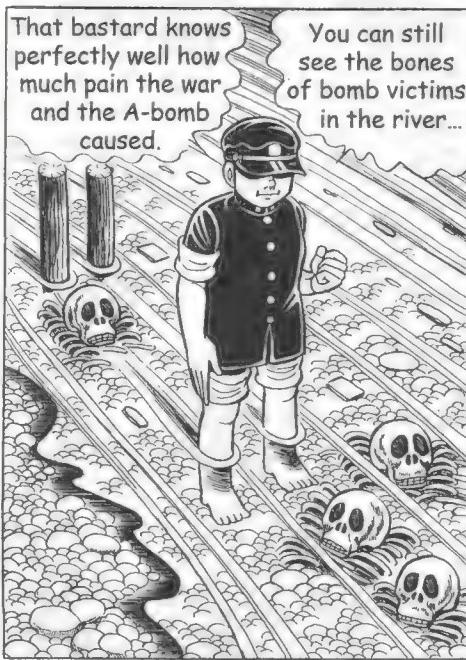
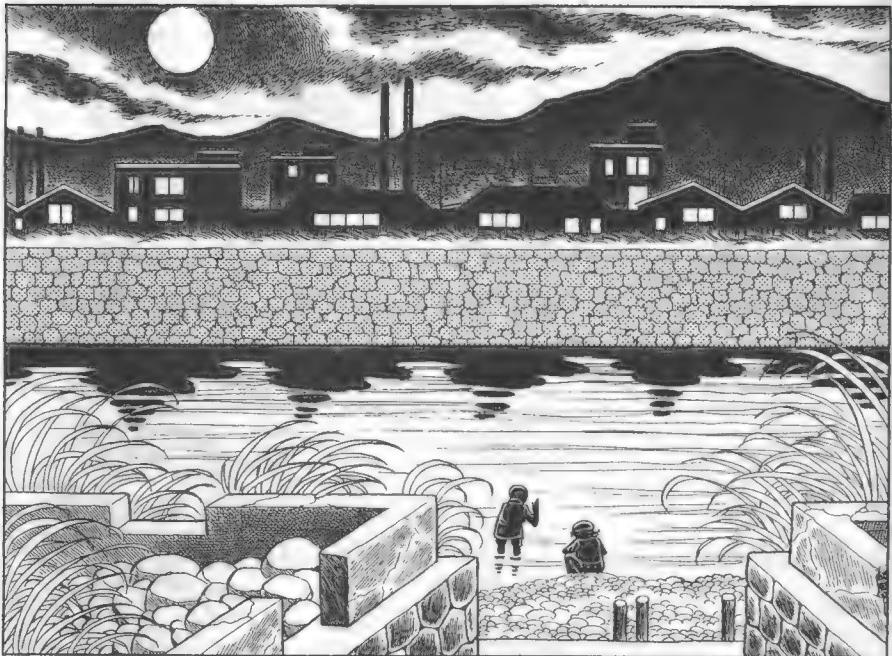


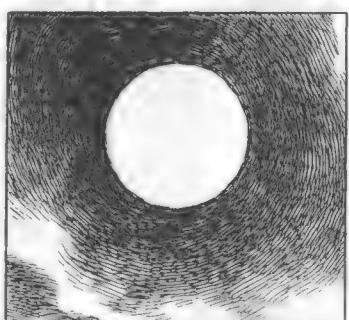
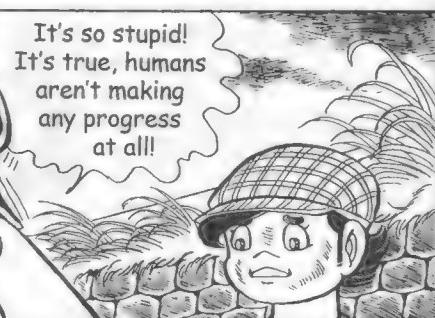
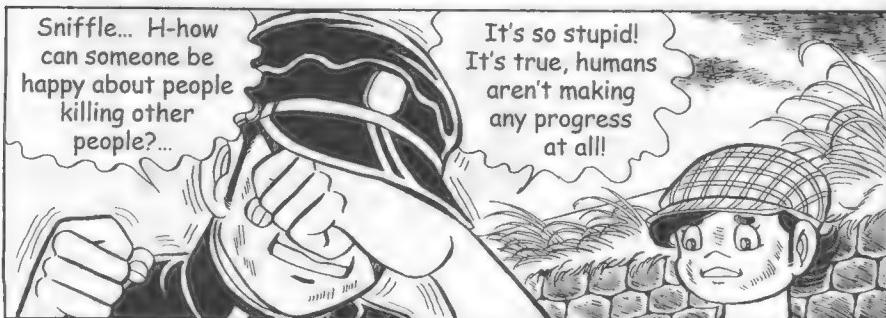
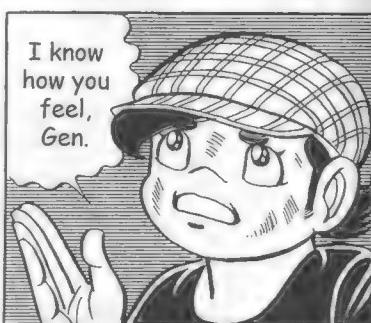
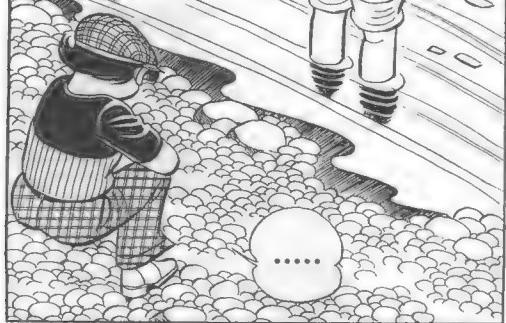
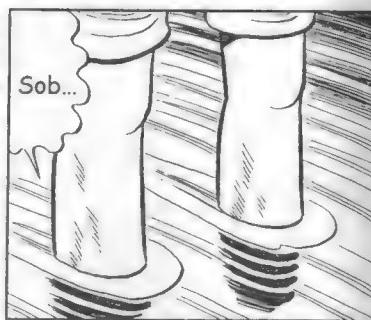
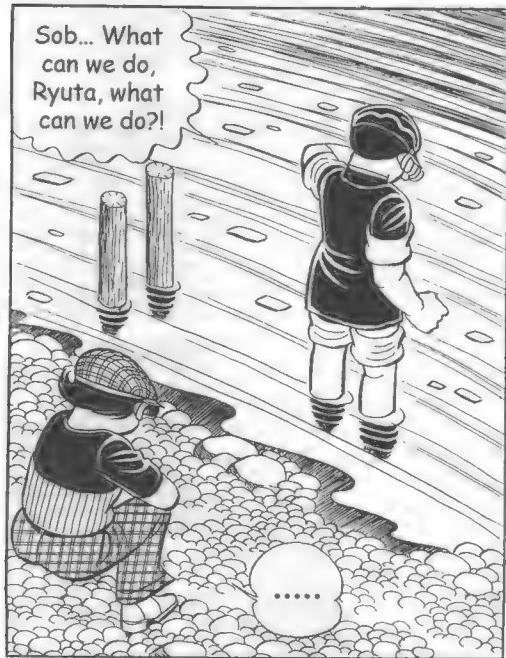


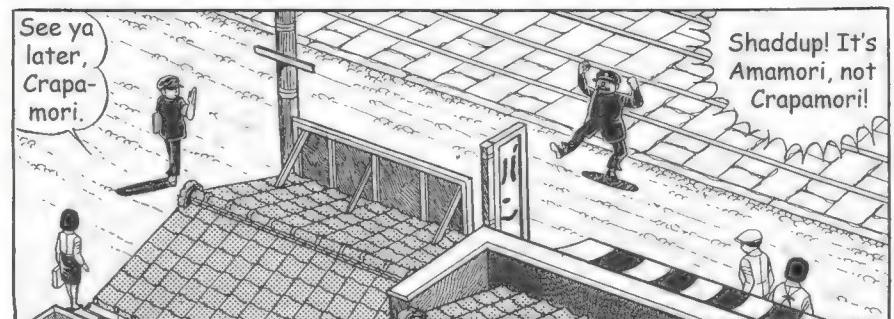
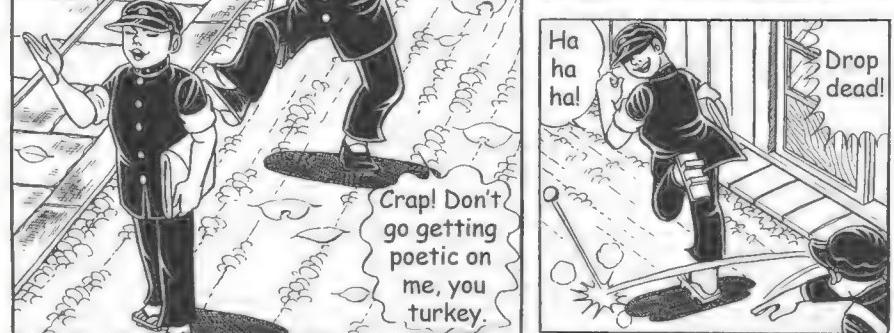
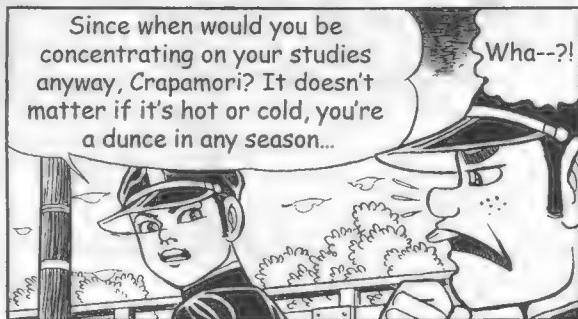
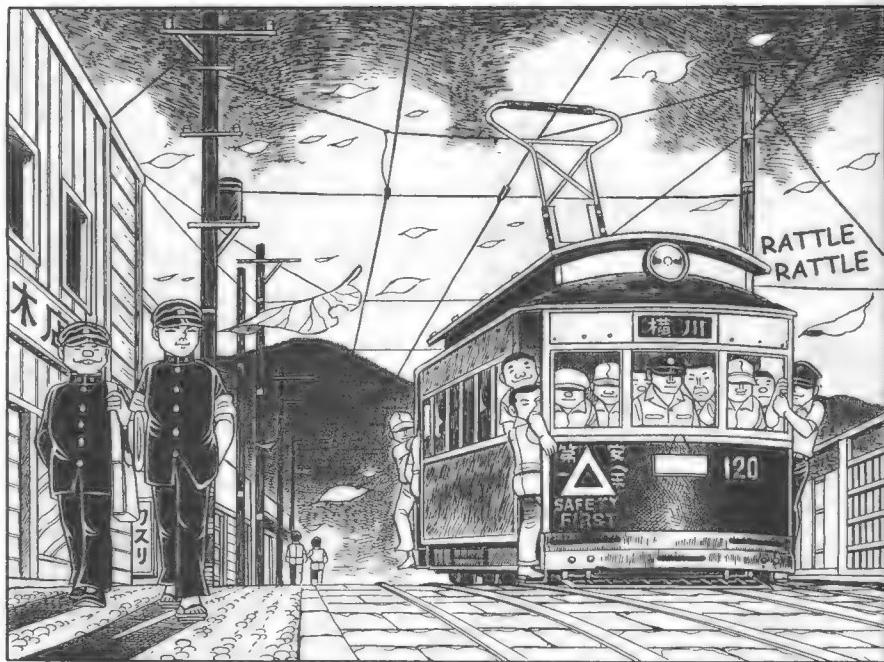


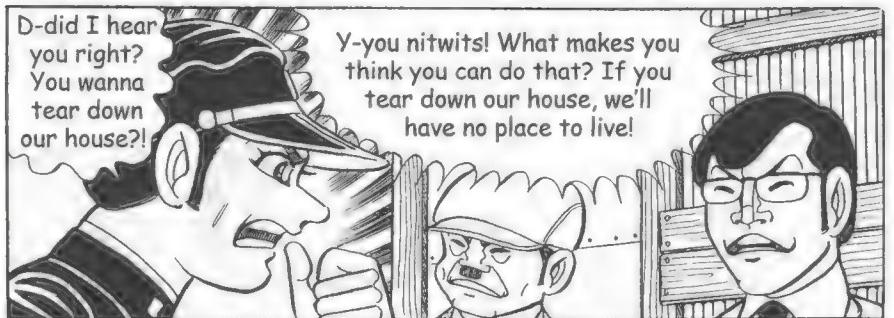
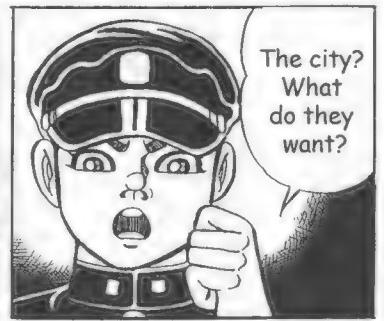
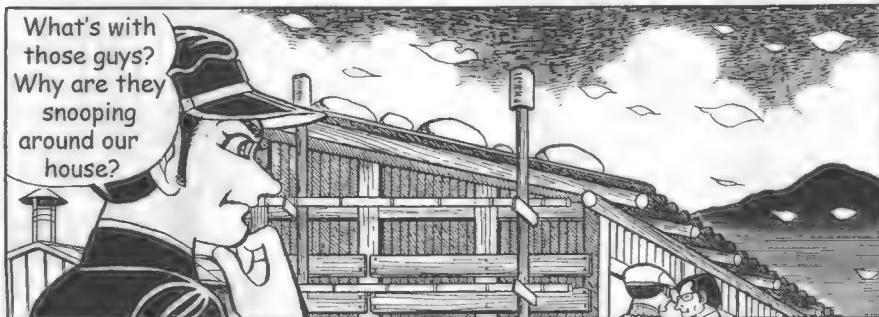
Sign over rocks: Under Construction

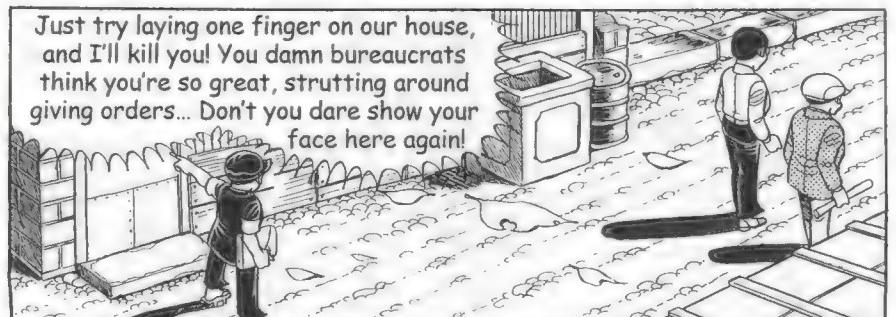
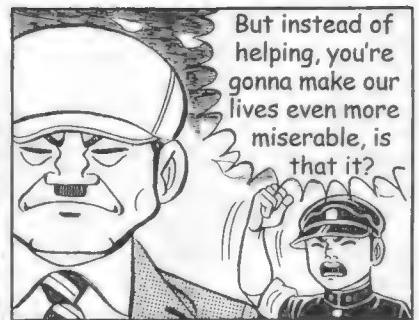
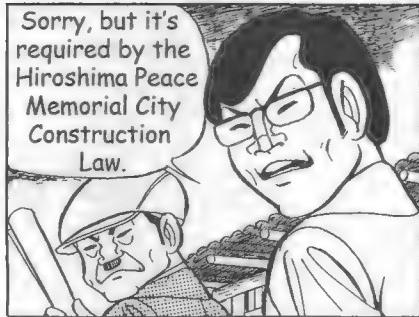


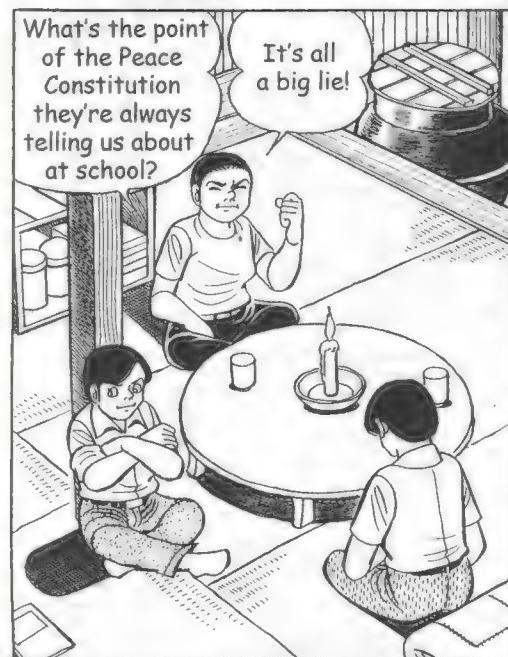
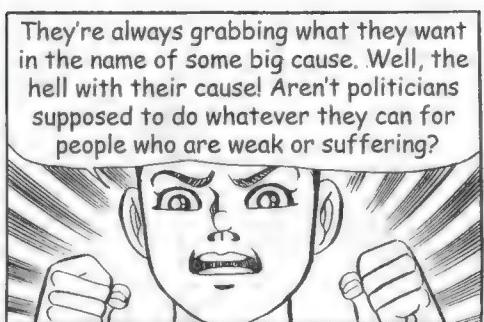
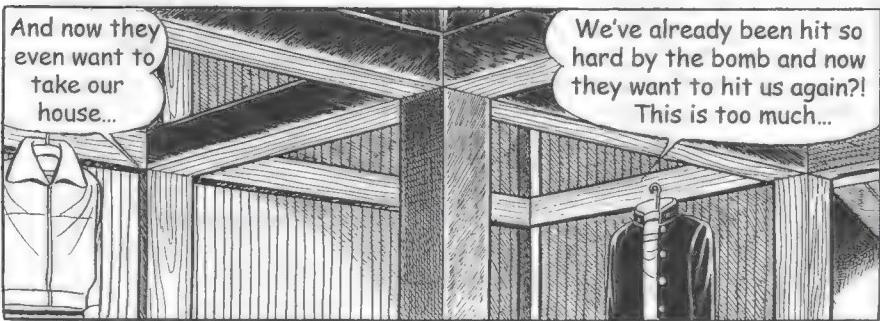
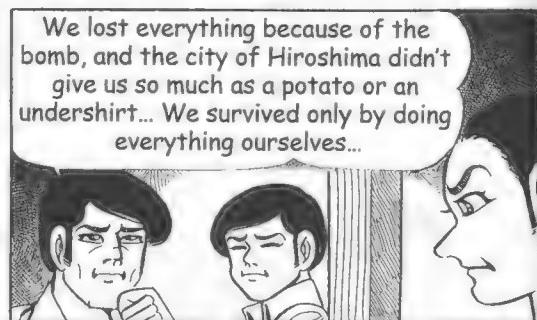
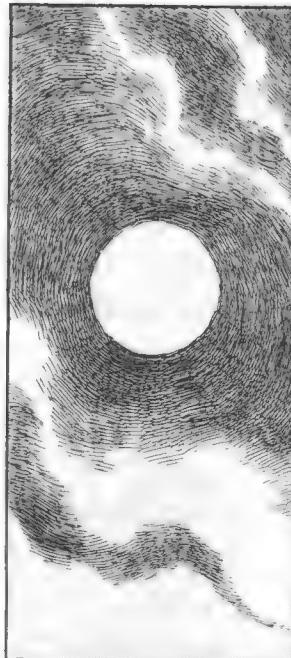


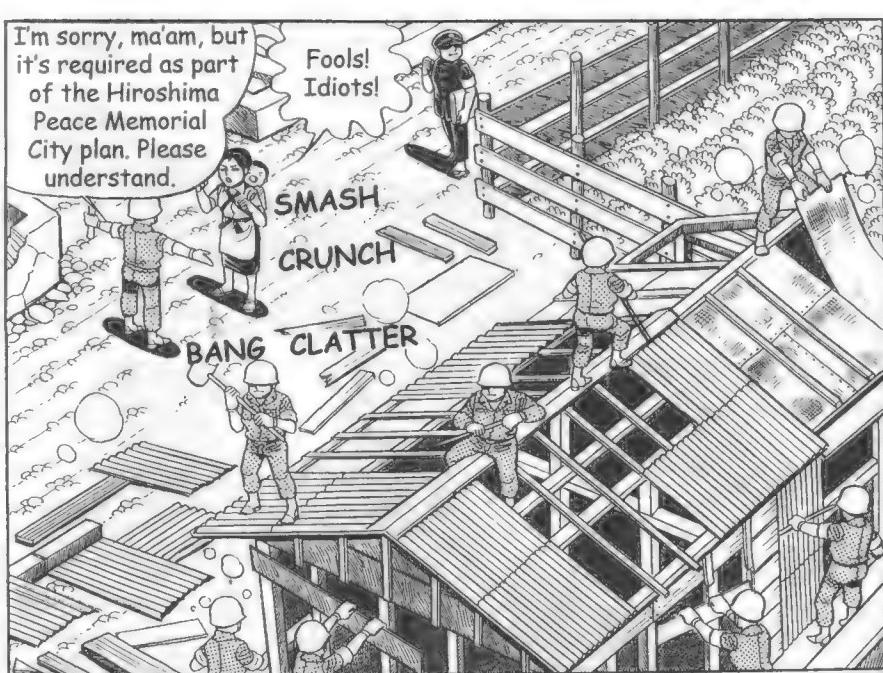
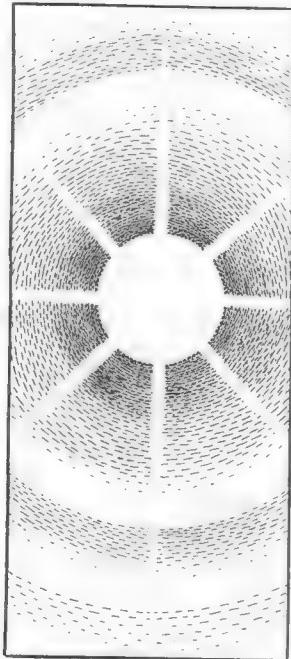


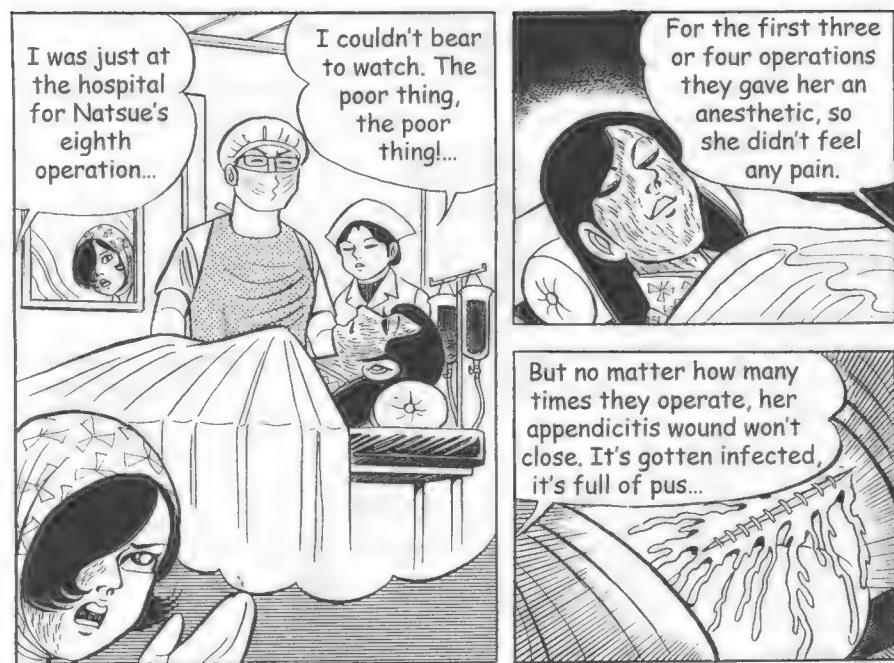
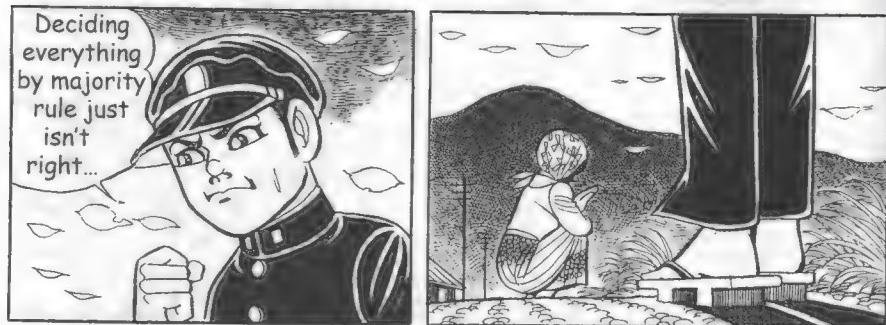
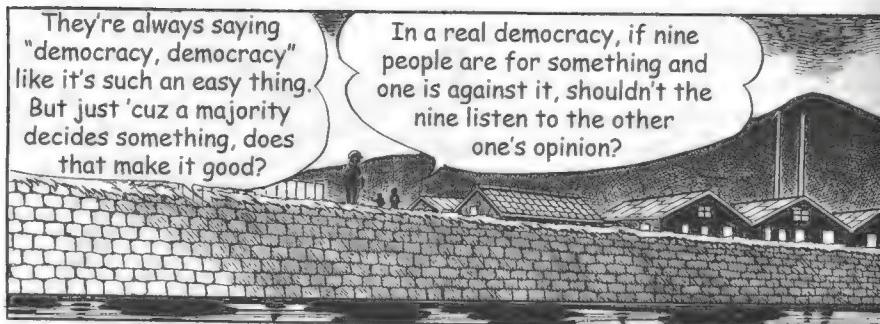


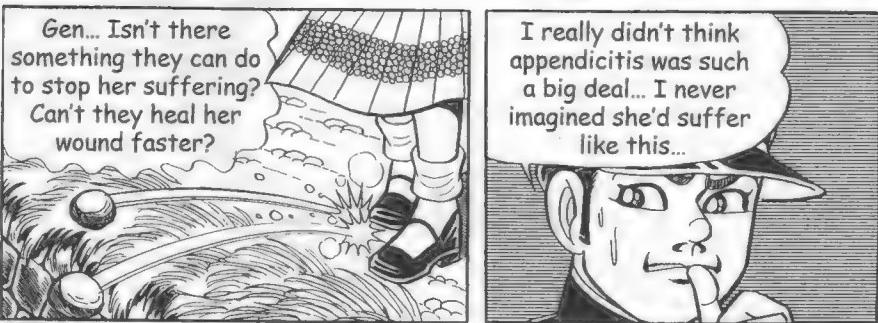
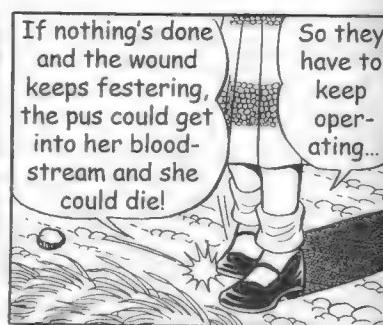
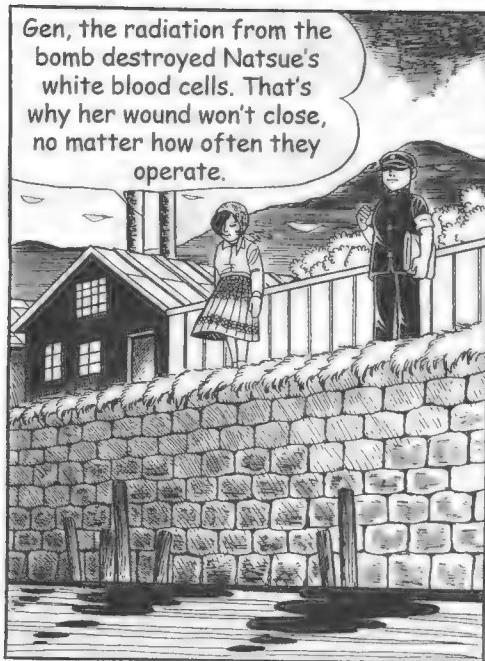






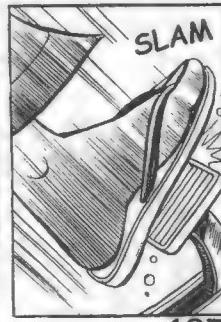




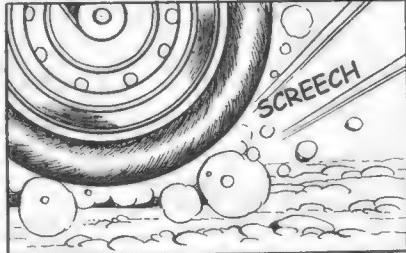
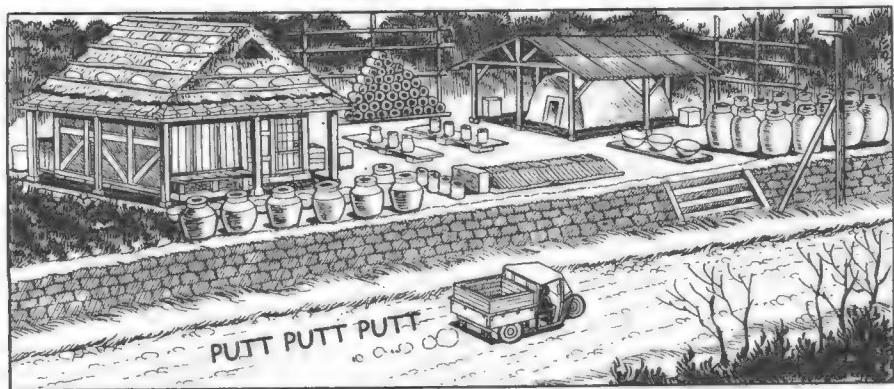
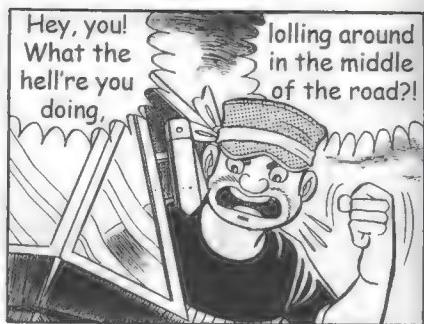
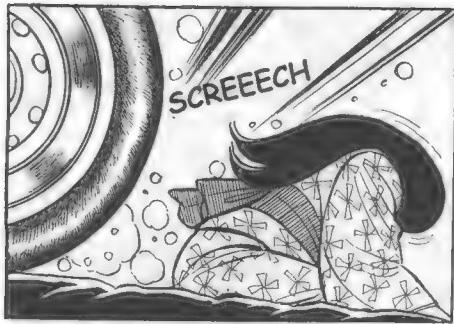


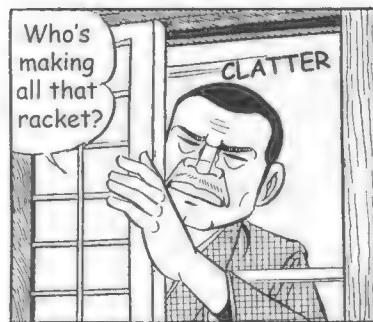
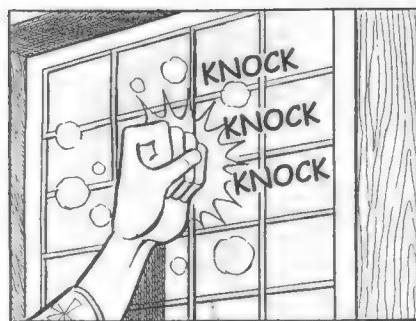


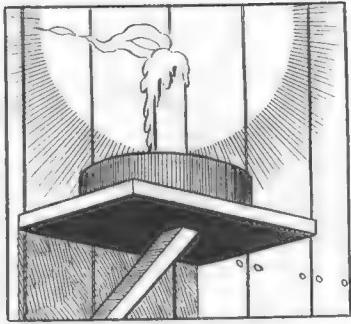
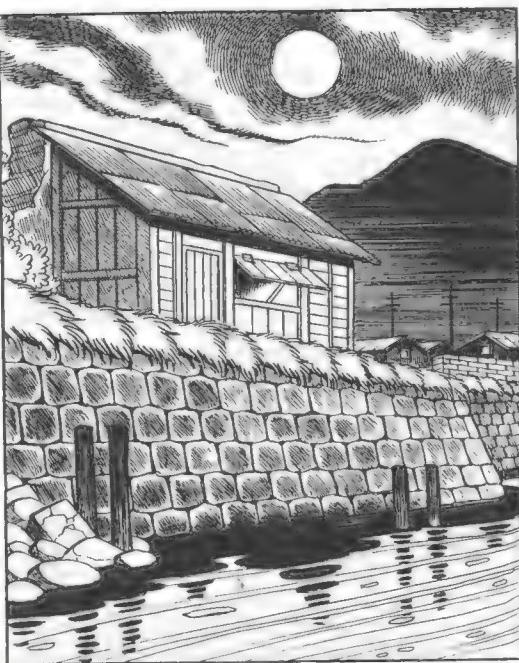
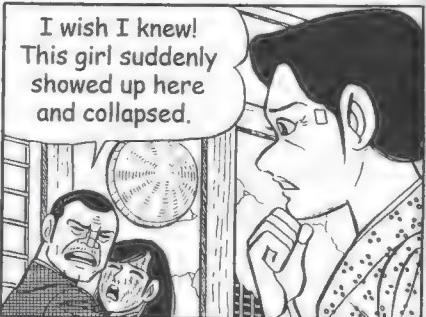
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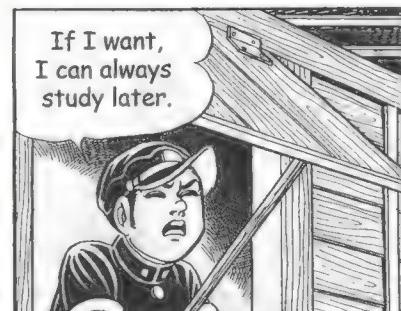
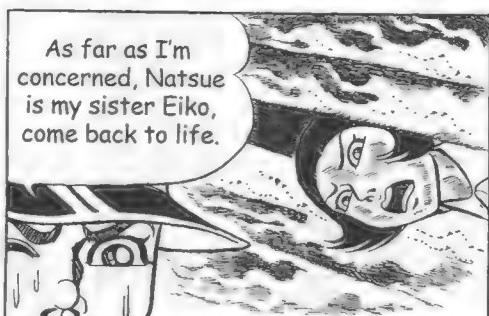


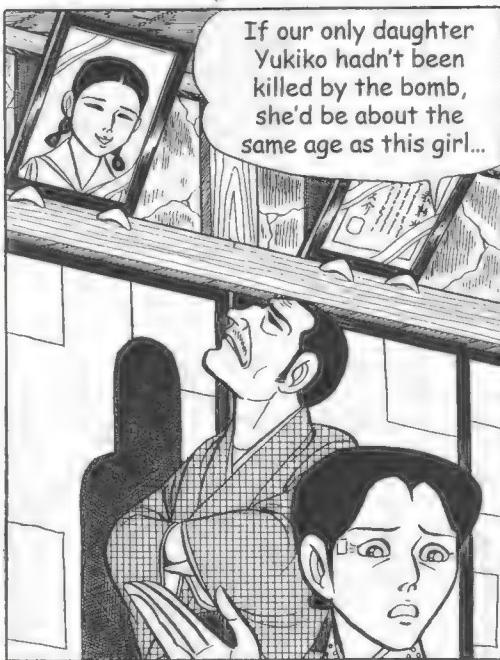
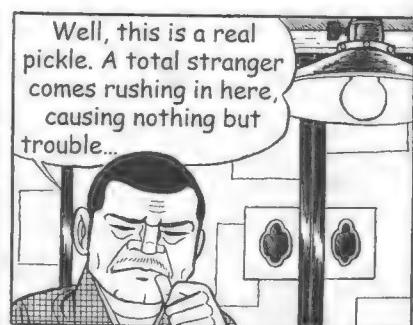
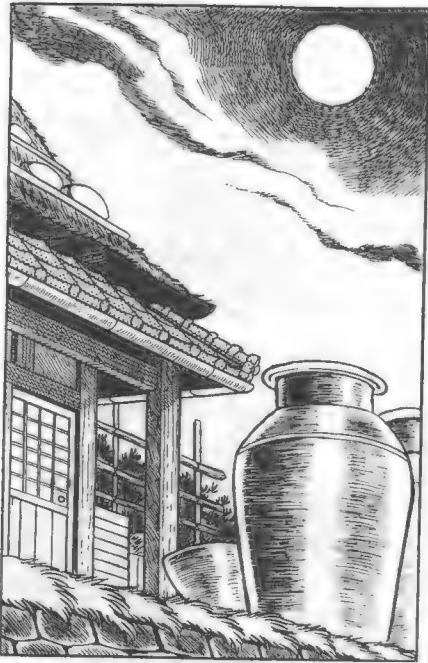
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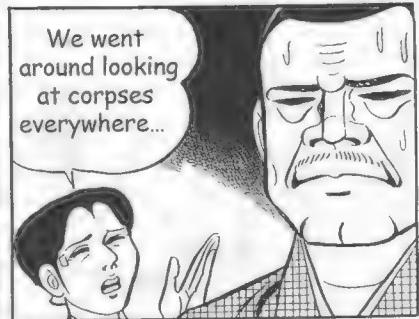
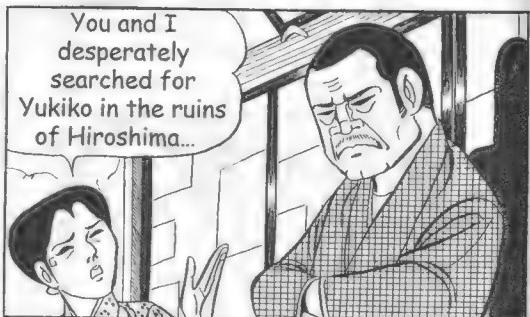
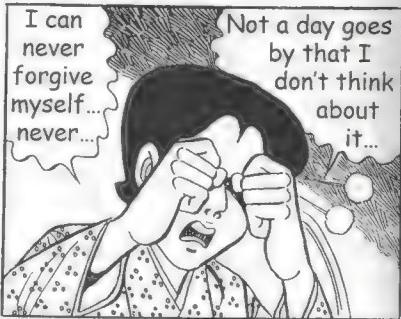
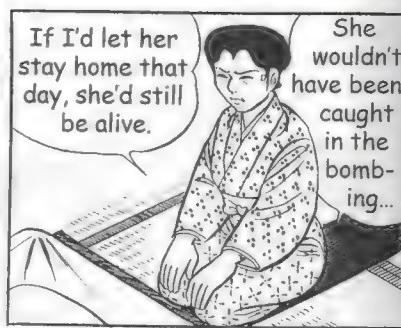


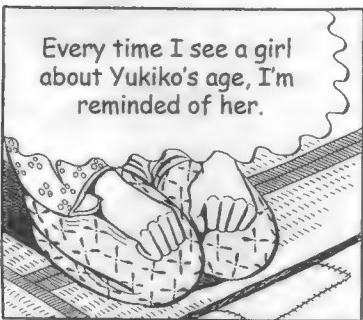
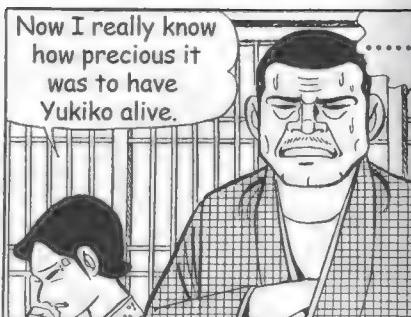
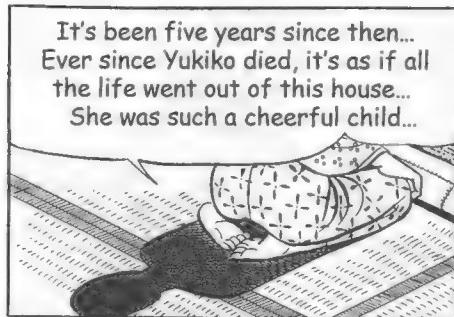




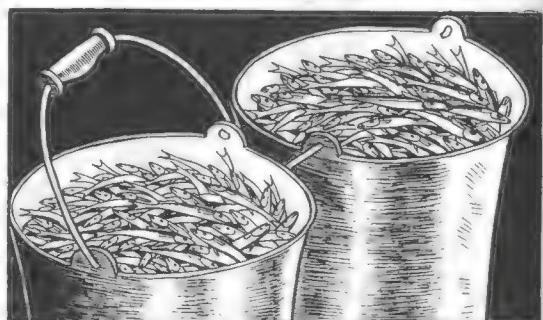
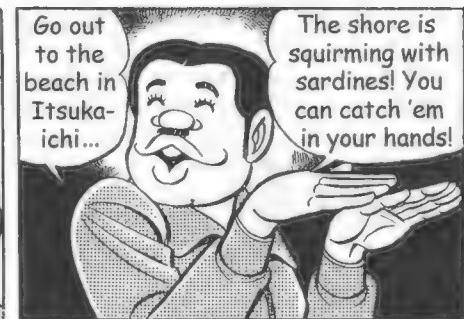
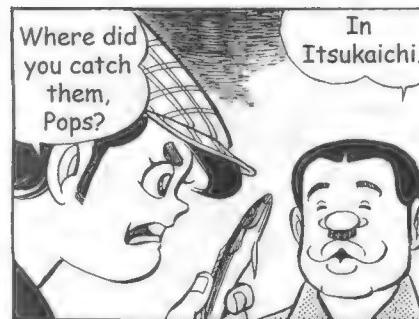
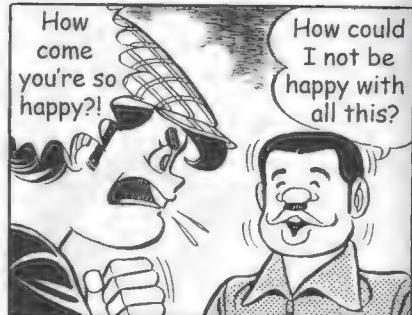
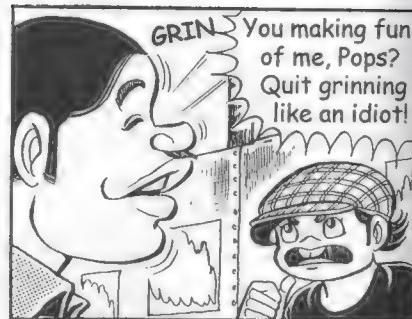


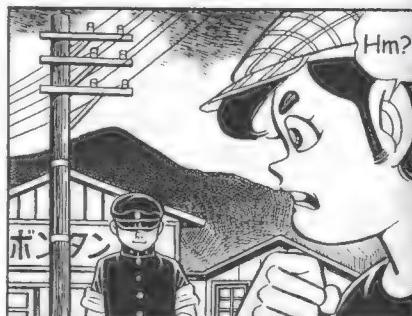


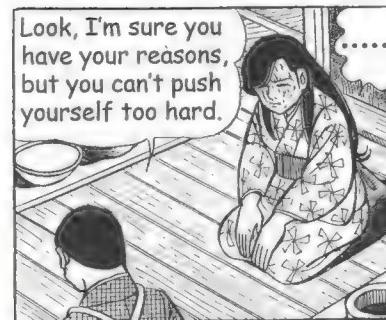




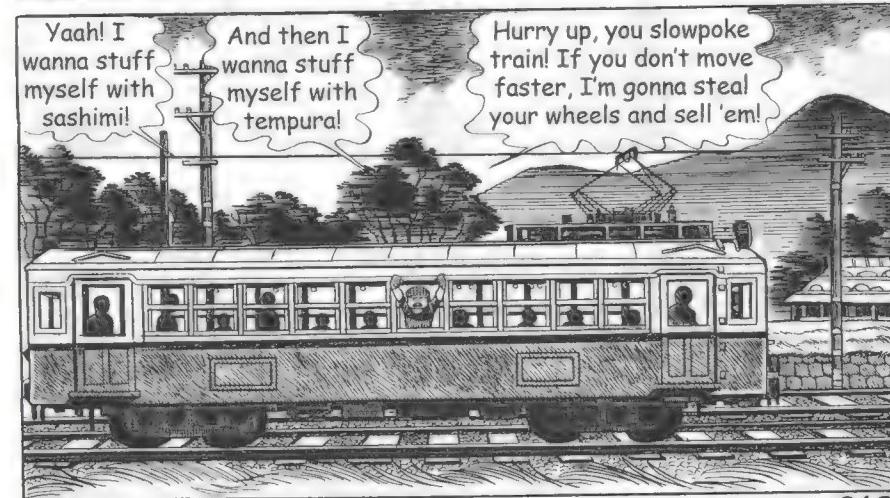
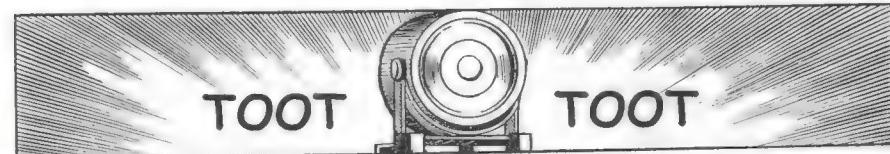


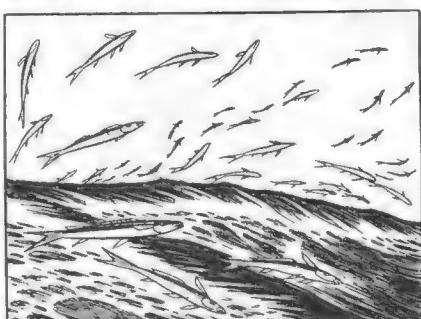
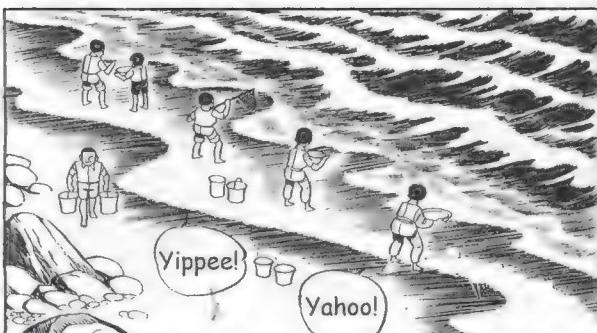
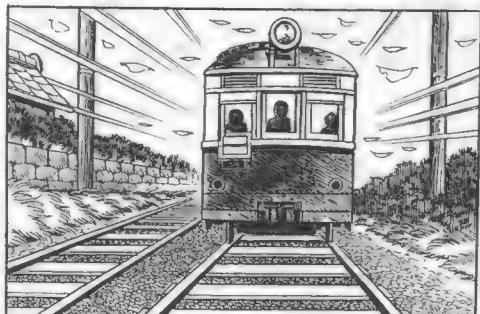
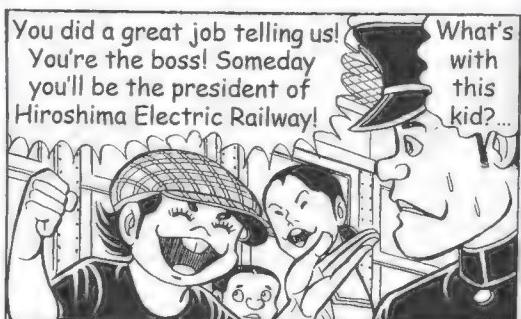
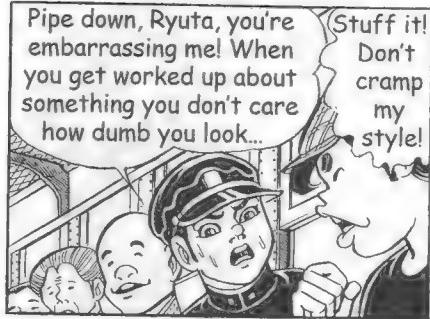


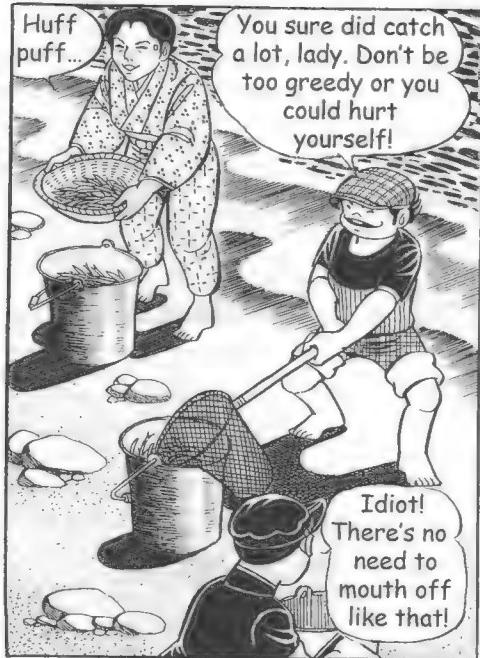
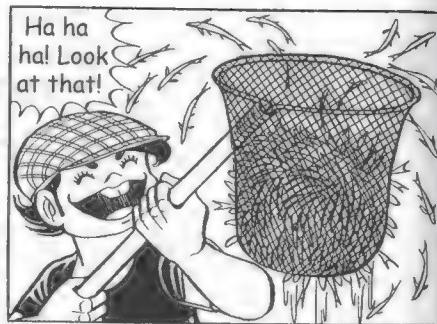
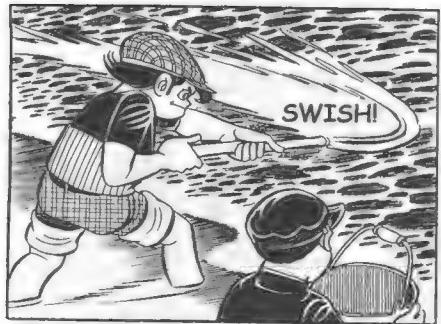




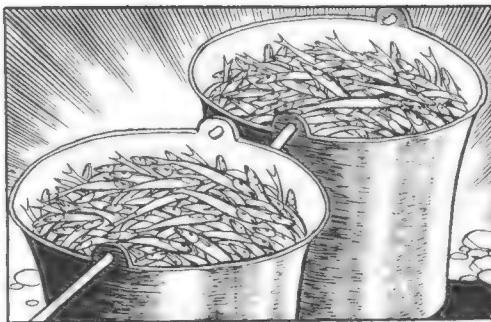
R-really?  
Thank you  
so much,  
sir!

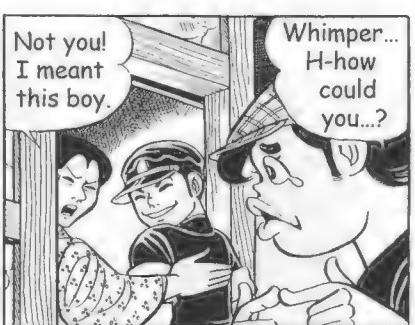
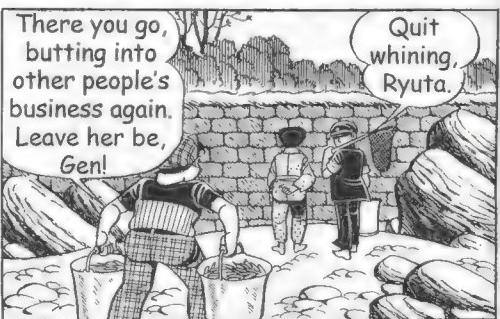
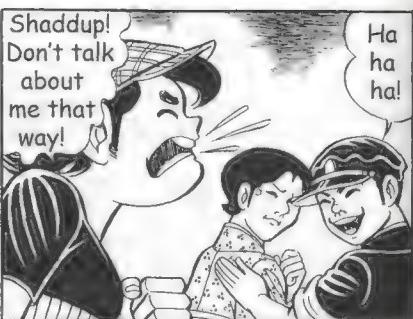
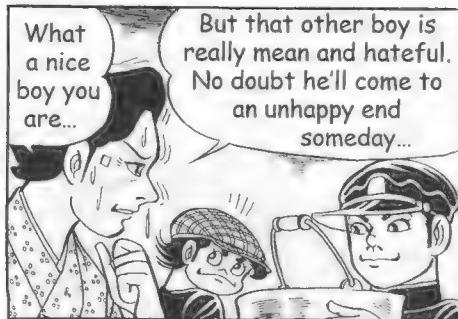




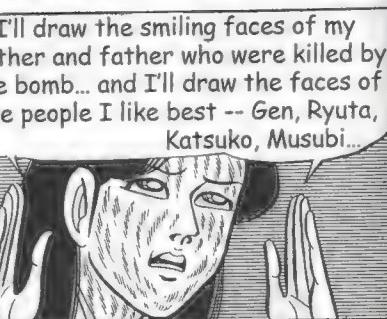
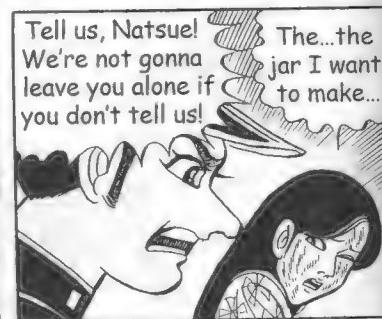
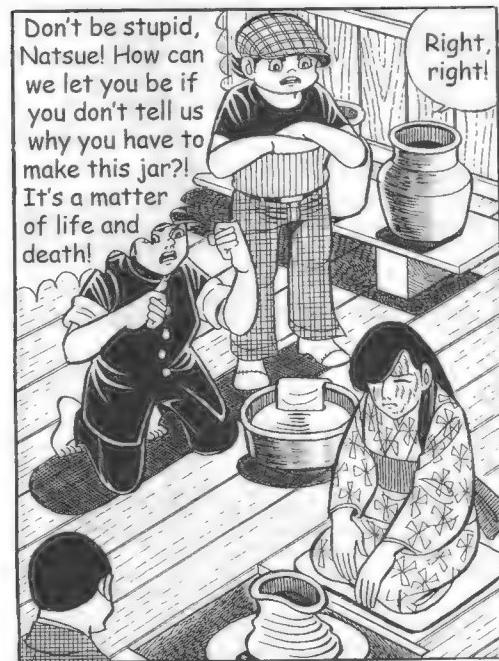


Idiot! There's no need to mouth off like that!



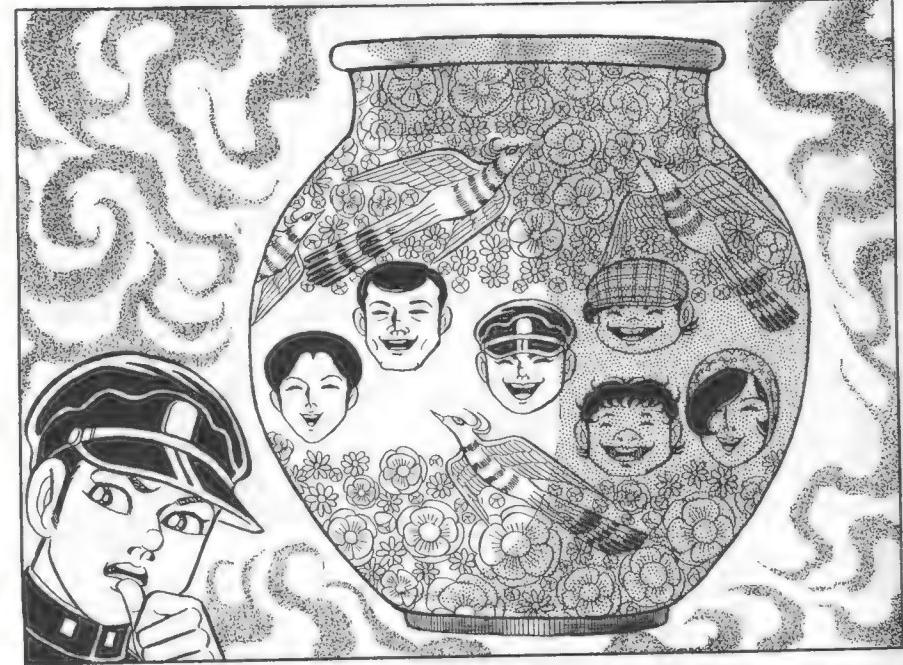






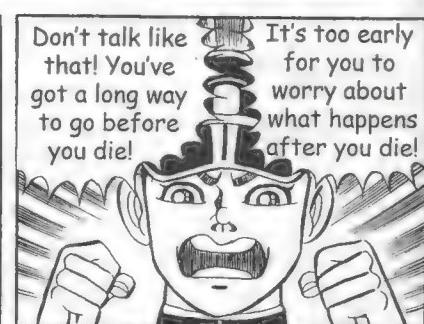
Go on, go on!

I'll draw the smiling faces of my mother and father who were killed by the bomb... and I'll draw the faces of the people I like best -- Gen, Ryuta, Katsuko, Musubi...

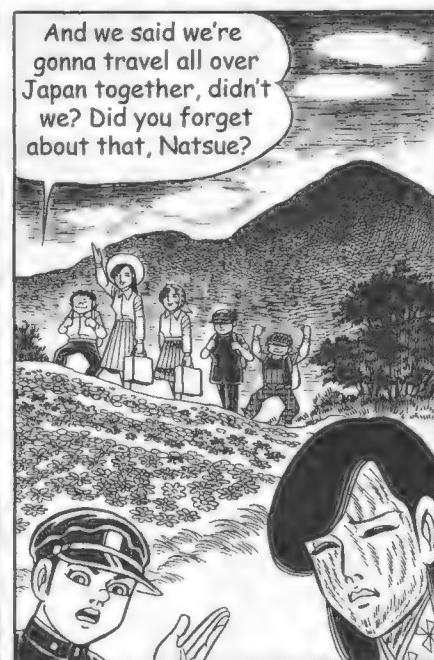


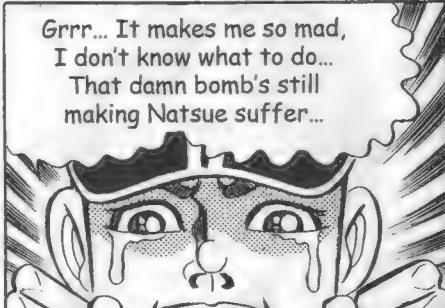
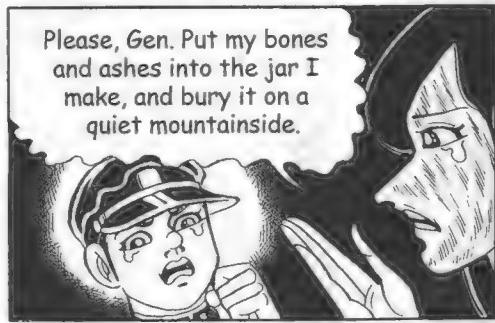
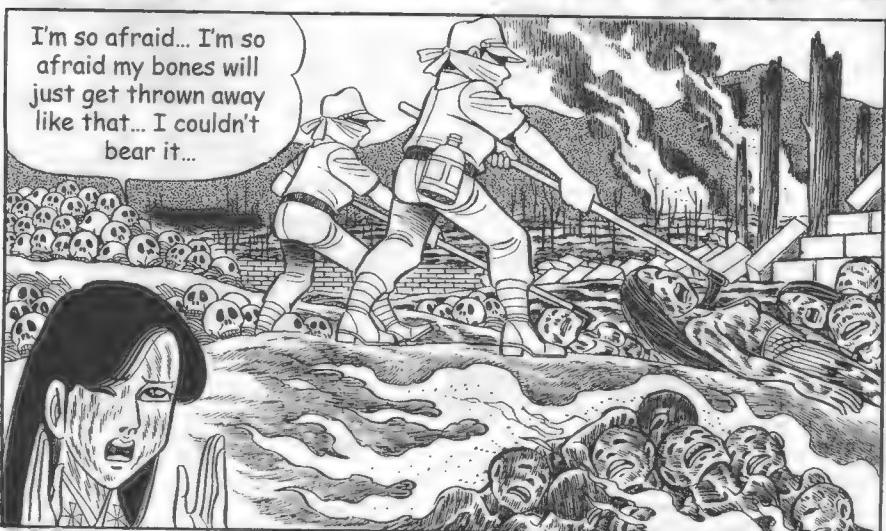
Yeah, what?

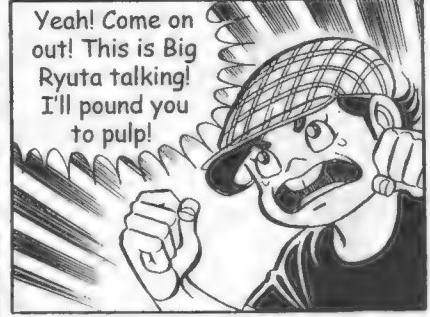


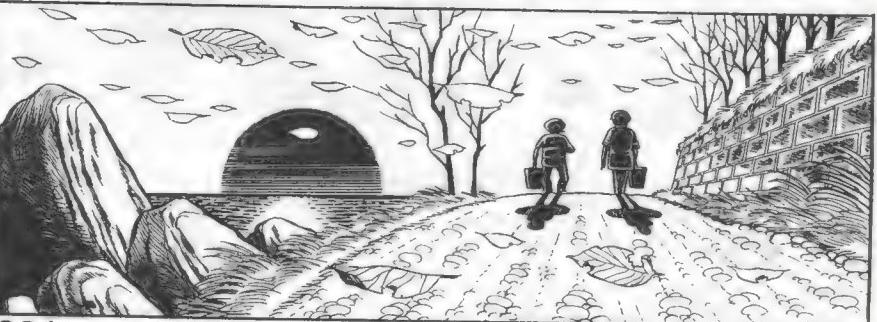
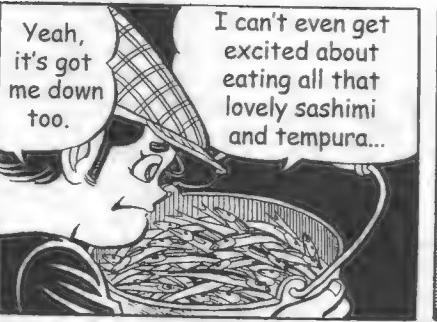


After I die and get cremated... I want you to put my bones and ashes into it.











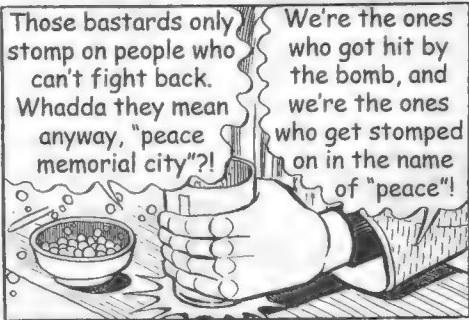
He said he didn't care how much of a hardship it was for us to have our house destroyed, we should just clear out by the deadline...



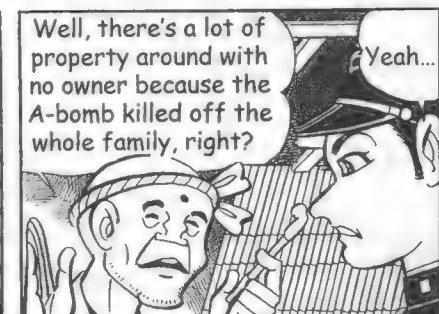
Then, just when we finally thought we were rebuilding our lives...



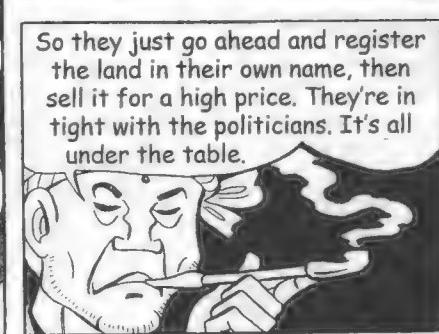
and that's their excuse for snatching our home away from us...



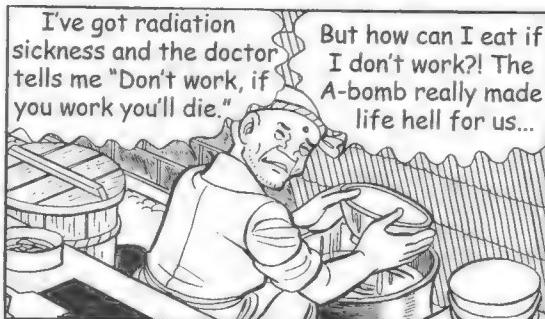
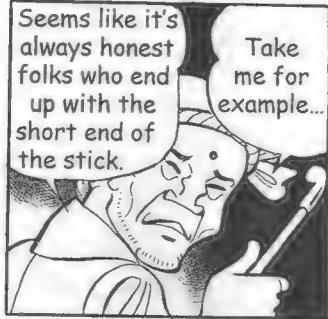
We're the ones who got hit by the bomb, and we're the ones who get stomped on in the name of "peace"!



Yeah...

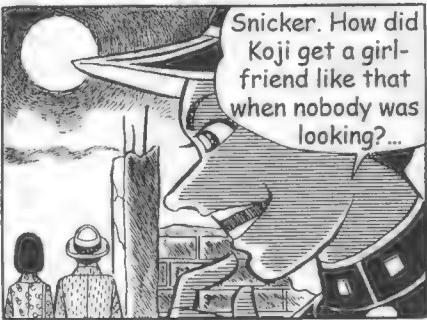
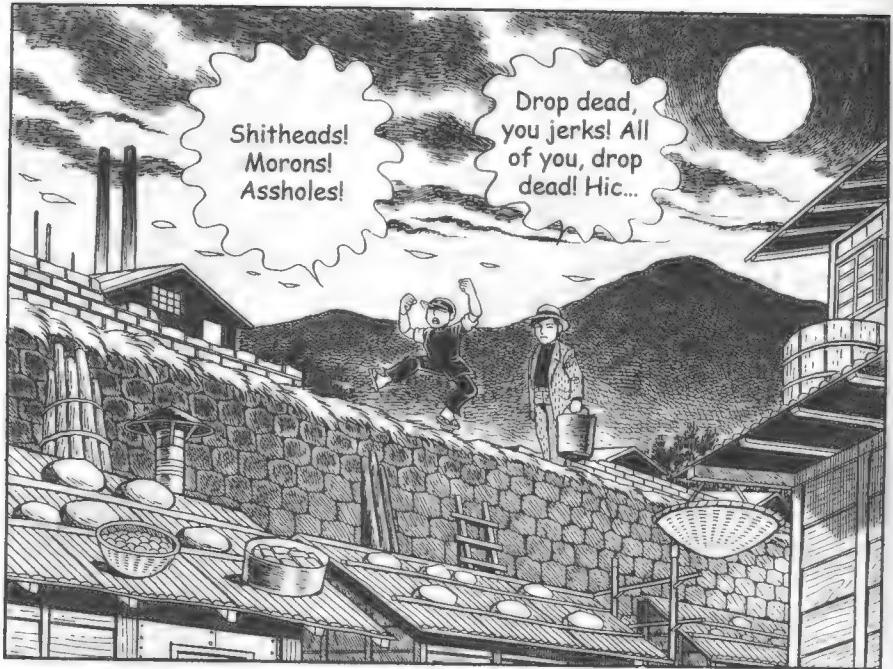


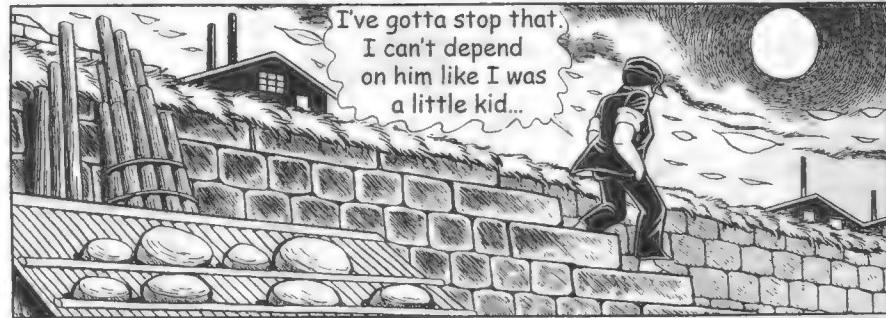
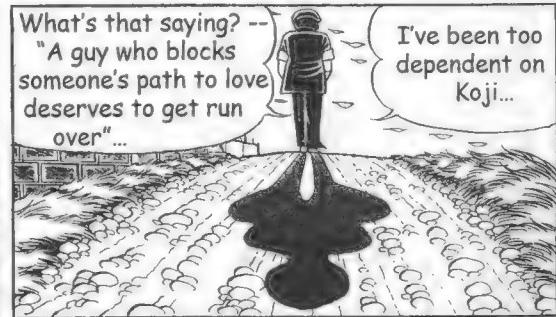
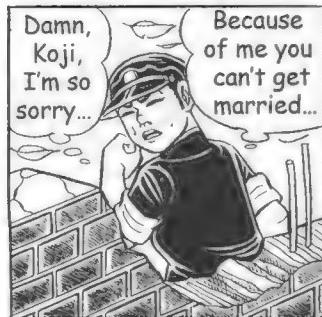
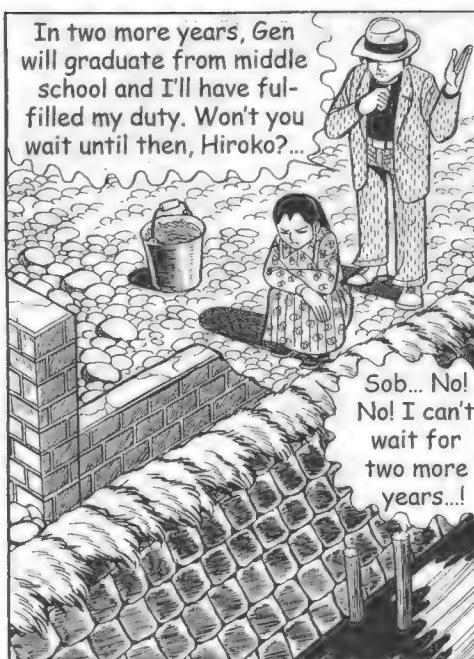
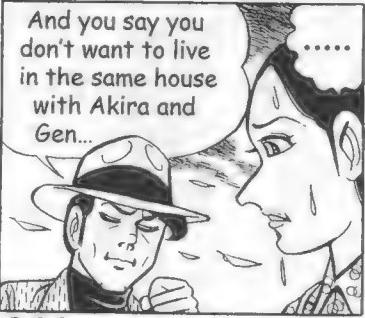
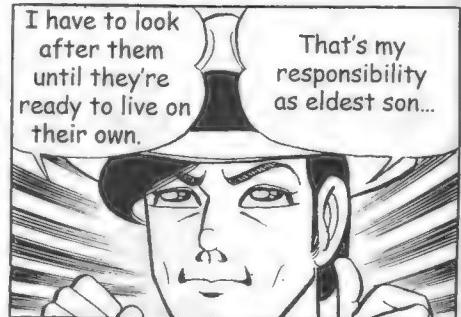
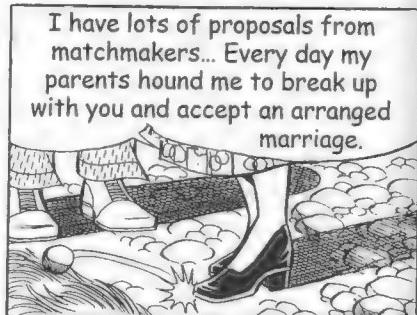
So they just go ahead and register the land in their own name, then sell it for a high price. They're in tight with the politicians. It's all under the table.

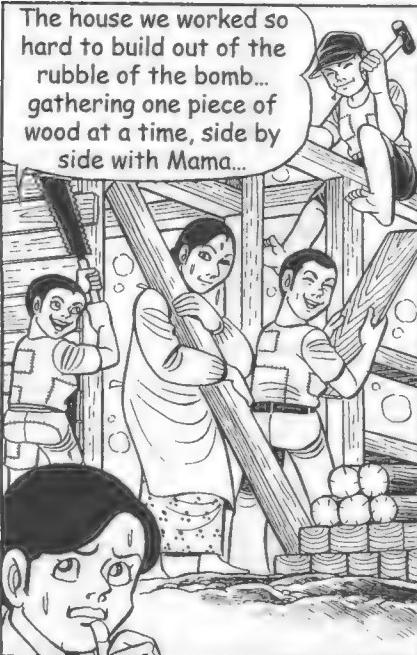
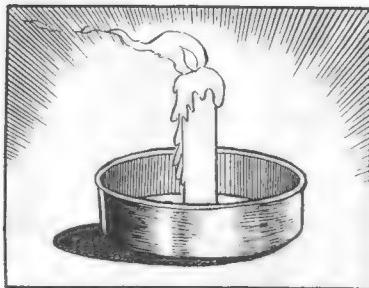


Bottle: Shochu Liquor

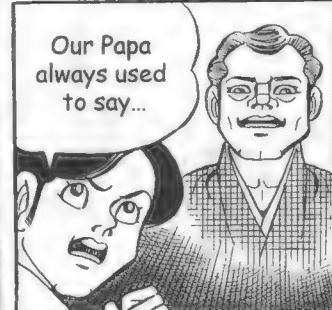
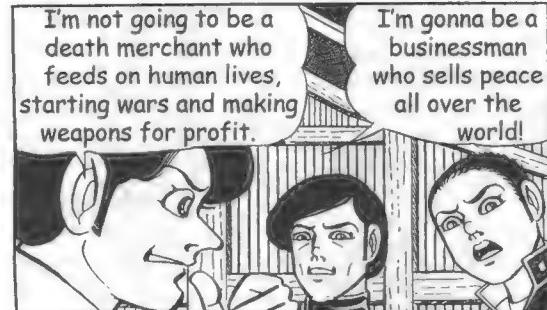
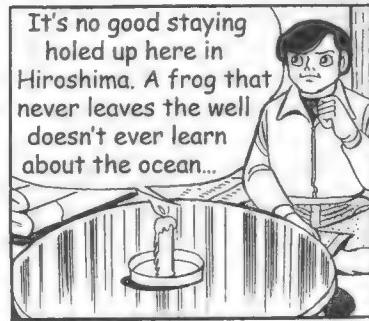
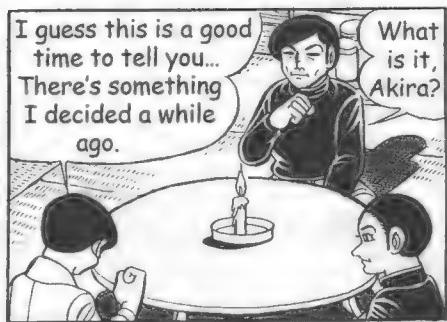




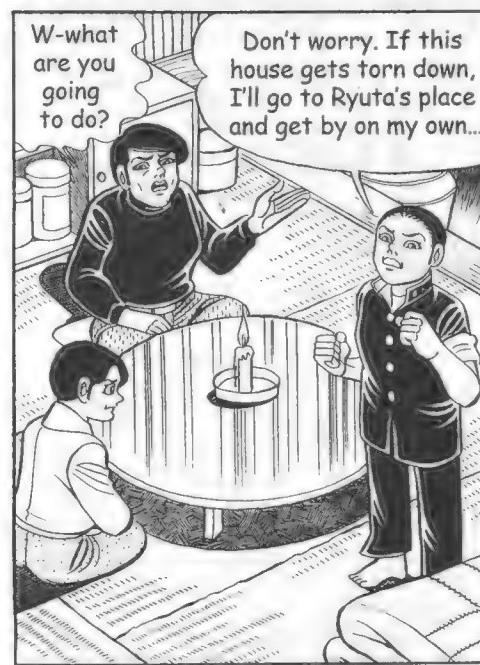
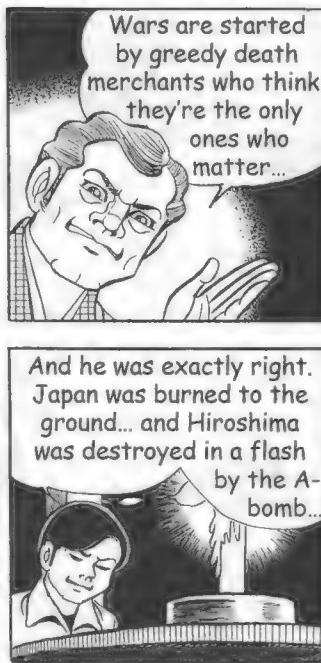
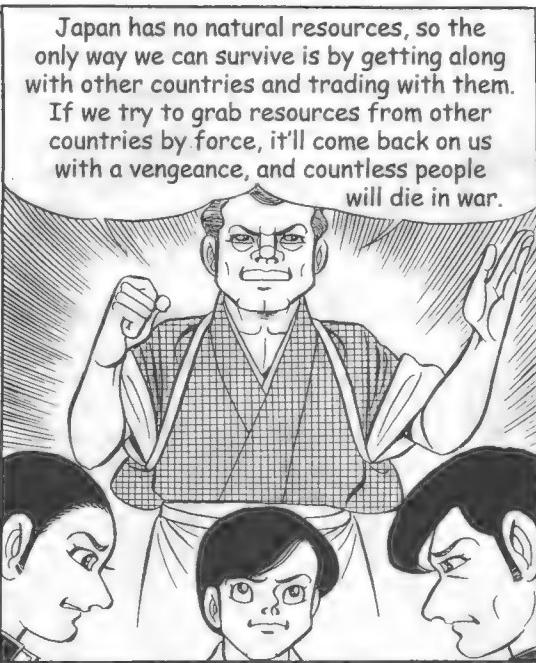




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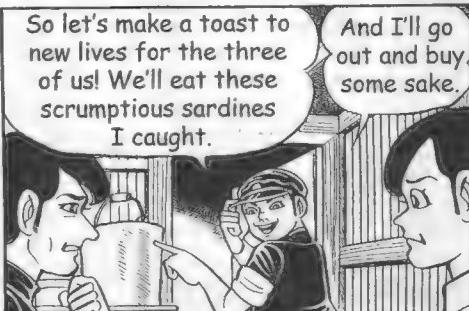
Don't worry. If this house gets torn down, I'll go to Ryuta's place and get by on my own...



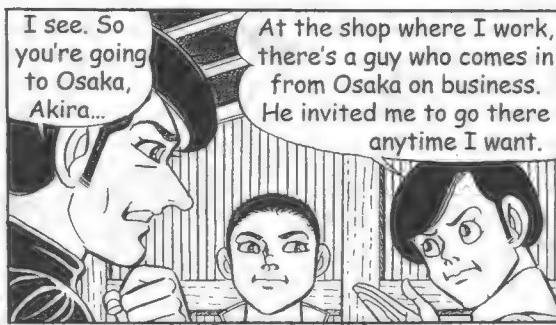
Nothing can scare me now.



I'll live through it and I'll do it in style!



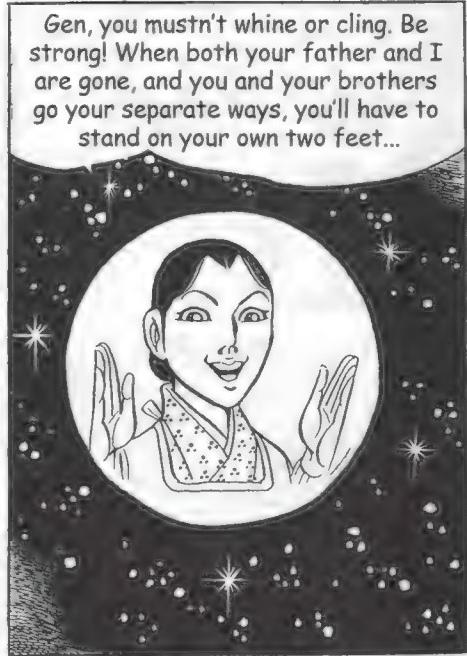
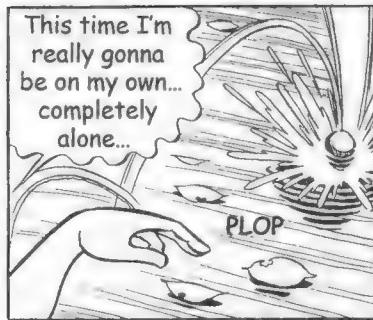
And I'll go out and buy some sake.

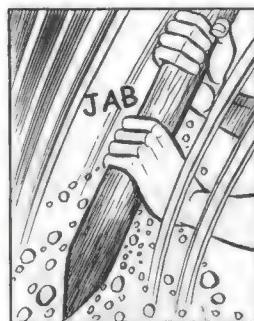
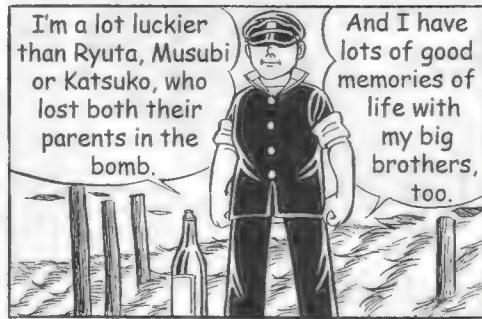
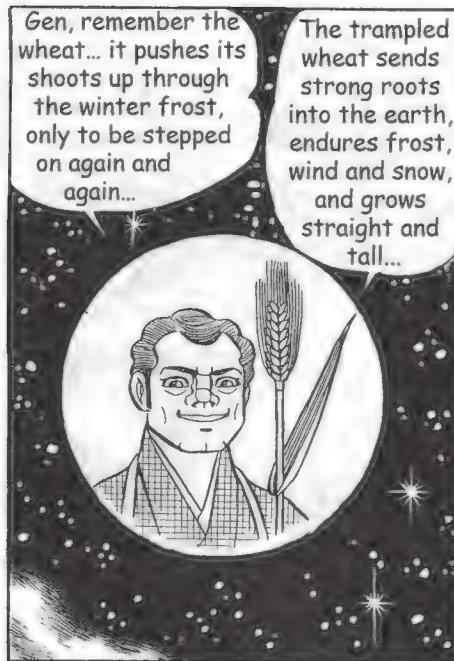


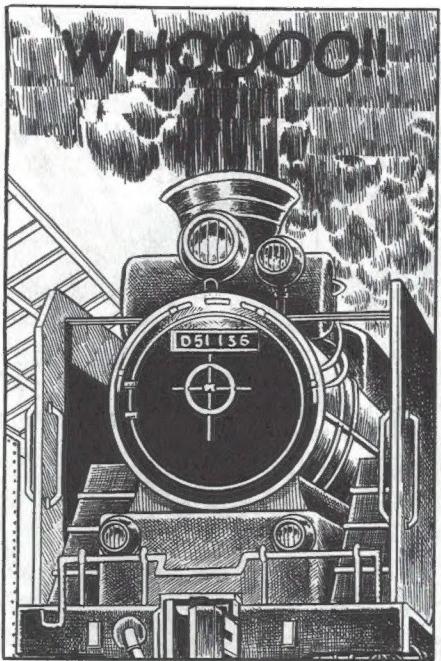
Thanks...



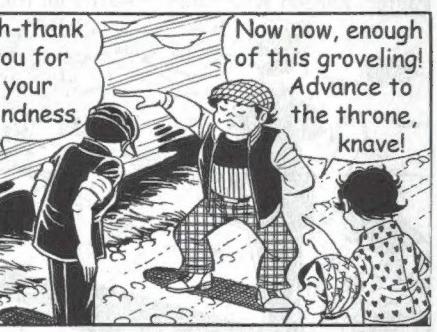
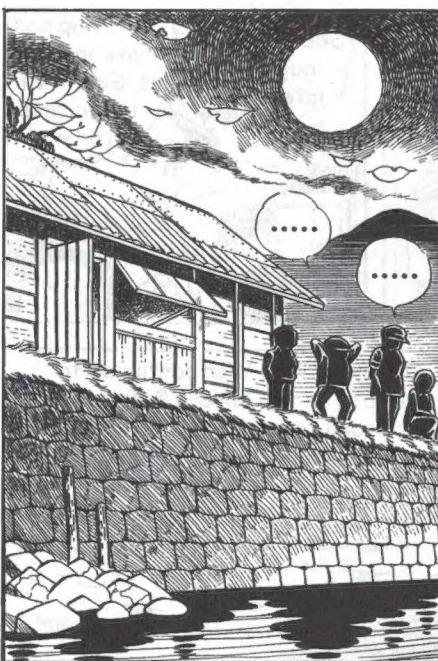
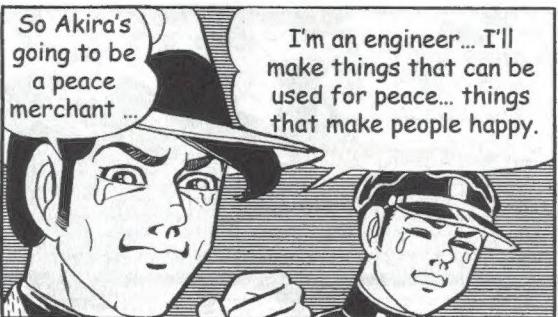
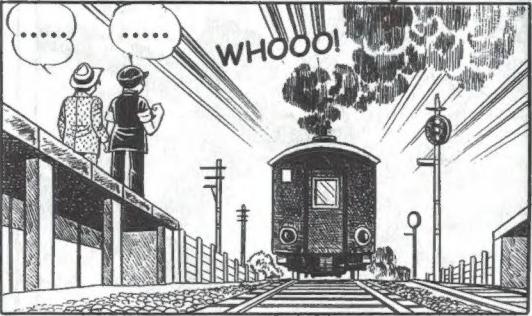
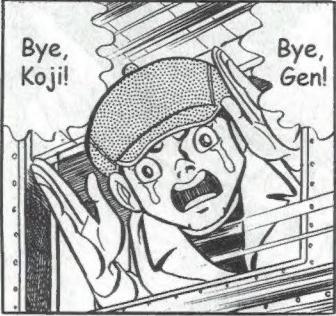
What is it, Gen?







Sign: For Osaka





Poster: Korean War News -- Battle on the 38th Parallel



## About Project Gen

Namie Asazuma  
Coordinator, Project Gen

In the pages of *Barefoot Gen*, Keiji Nakazawa brings to life a tragedy unlike any that had ever befallen the human race before. He does not simply depict the destructive horror of nuclear weapons, but tells of the cruel fate they visited upon victims and survivors in the years to come. Yet Gen, the young hero of this story, somehow manages to overcome one hardship after another, always with courage and humor. *Barefoot Gen's* tale of hope and human triumph in the face of nuclear holocaust has inspired volunteer translators around the world, as well as people working in a variety of other media. Over the years *Gen* has been made into a three-part live-action film, a feature-length animation film, an opera, and a musical.

The first effort to translate *Barefoot Gen* from the original Japanese into other languages began in 1976, when Japanese peace activists Masahiro Oshima and Yukio Aki walked across the United States as part of that year's Transcontinental Walk for Peace and Social Justice. Their fellow walkers frequently asked them about the atomic bombing of Hiroshima, and one of them happened to have a copy of *Hadashi no Gen* in his backpack. The Americans on the walk, astonished that an atomic bomb survivor had written about it in cartoon form, urged their Japanese friends to translate it into English. Upon returning to Japan, Oshima and Aki founded Project Gen, a non-profit, all-volunteer group of young Japanese and Americans living in Tokyo, to do just that. Project Gen went on to translate the first four volumes of *Barefoot Gen* into English. One or more of these volumes have also been published in French, German, Italian, Portuguese, Swedish, Norwegian, Indonesian, Tagalog, and Esperanto.

By the 1990s Project Gen was no longer active. In the meantime, author Keiji Nakazawa had gone on to complete ten volumes of *Gen*, and expressed his wish to see the entire story made available to non-Japanese readers. Parts of the first four volumes had also been abridged in translation. A new generation of volunteers responded by reviving Project Gen and producing a new, complete and unabridged translation of the entire *Gen* series.

The second incarnation of Project Gen got its start in Moscow in 1994, when a Japanese student, Minako Tanabe, launched "Project Gen in Russia" to translate *Gen* into Russian. After pub-

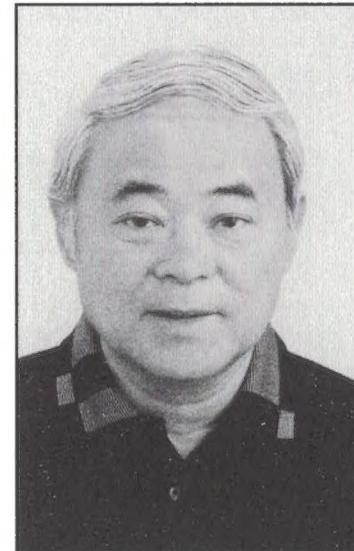
lishing the first three volumes in Moscow, the project relocated to Kanazawa, Japan, where volunteers Yulia Tachino and Namie Asazuma had become acquainted with Gen while translating a story about Hiroshima into Russian. The Kanazawa volunteers, together with Takako Kanekura in Russia, completed Russian volumes 4 through 10 between 1999 and 2001.

In the spring of 2000, the Kanazawa group formally established a new Project Gen in Japan. Nine volunteers spent the next three years translating all ten volumes of *Gen* into English. The translators are Kazuko Futakuchi, Michael Gordon, Kyoko Honda, Yukari Kimura, Nobutoshi Kohara, Kiyoko Nishita, George Stenson, Michiko Tanaka, and Kazuko Yamada.

In 2002, author Keiji Nakazawa put the Kanazawa team in contact with Alan Gleason, a member of the first Project Gen, who introduced them to Last Gasp of San Francisco, publisher of the original English translation of *Gen*. Last Gasp agreed to publish the new, unabridged translation of all ten volumes, of which this book is one.

In the hope that humanity will never repeat the terrible tragedy of the atomic bombing, the volunteers of Project Gen want children and adults all over the world to hear Gen's story. Through translations like this one, we want to help Gen speak to people in different countries in their own languages. Our prayer is that *Barefoot Gen* will contribute in some small way to the abolition of nuclear weapons before this new century is over.

Write to Project Gen c/o Asazuma, Nagasaka 3-10-20, Kanazawa 921-8112, Japan



Keiji Nakazawa lives with his wife in the suburbs of Tokyo, and remains actively involved in the work of the Project Gen volunteers. Now retired from cartooning, his most recent project was a live action film he wrote and directed about young people growing up in postwar Hiroshima. He is currently working on another film scenario.